

**NEW SERIES. No. 3.**

**THE SATIRIST,**  
OR  
**MONTHLY METEOR.**

OCTOBER 1st, 1812.

**EXPLANATION OF THE CARICATURE.**

THERE is certainly something extremely remarkable about EAGLES, for they cannot arrive in town, from whatever quarter of the globe they may come, but they cause very considerable bustle and stir. It was but the other day that Mr. Bullock enriched his beautiful Museum with two or three squab importations from the Orkneys, that looked for all the world like half-plucked Norfolk geese, but yet so much curiosity was attached to these infant Eaglets, that half the inhabitants of the metropolis were running to the Egyptian Hall for a peep at them. They are the fruits of Mr. Bullock's exertions, who, to attain their possession, has surmounted many difficulties, and encountered many dangers. He has withstood the piercing cold, endured the buffetings of the seasons, crossed torrents, scaled mountains, been precipitated from

rocks, climbed precipices, and warred with all the toils and perils attendant upon so hazardous an enterprise. At length, crowned with success, he has presented to the admiring naturalist the curious, new, and valuable results of his labours. But the most singular and felicitous part of his undertaking is the comparison it has enabled the Satirist to make between him and the immortal Marquis of Wellington! While Mr. Bullock was pursuing his object with unremitting vigour, and assiduity, and perseverance, amid the bleak and barren crags of the north of Scotland, the noble and illustrious Wellington was, with like ardour, activity, and skill, pursuing the same object in the Iberian clime. The Eagles were the grand source of the exertions of both—the Eagles their ambition pointed at—the Eagles they longed for—the Eagles they were determined to have—and the Eagles they did catch at last, the bright reward of all their privations, anxiety, conduct, and valour. Mr. Bullock, we understand, found his birds of Jove strongly entrenched in a fine position, with the sea in their front—a wall-faced rock on the right and left wings—beneath them a perpendicular precipice of three hundred feet, and above them a precipice of the same description of one hundred yards in altitude from the aërie. Nature had done every thing for this admirable and well-chosen post, and, to contemplate it, it seemed impossible for any assailant to be successful, however there might be some probability of ensuring *eclat*. Notwithstanding these embarrassments, and in spite of these obstacles, the brave Collector resolved on the assault. Scaling ladders were useless; neither cannon nor musquetry could be brought to bear with any effect upon the entrenchments; and screams like the Indian warwhoop proclaimed the intrepidity of the defenders, and their resolution to offer a spirited resistance. But, as Buonaparte says in his bulletins, “What could re-

sist the determined courage of our men?" They suffered themselves to be lowered down to a level with the enemy, they fought and conquered. Several Eagles were the result of this splendid achievement!! In the same manner the noble Wellington—but we need not detail the Gazette. Neither position, nor force, nor art, could withstand his resplendent genius, and potent arm; and Salamanca also yielded its Eagles, the fruits of a most glorious struggle and important victory. These Imperial Fowls arrived in London on the 16th of August, and the effect they produced upon the metropolis is partly embodied in our Caricature, where you may see . . . .

John Bull, as happy as mortal man can be, seated at table with his excellent friends and sworn brothers, Patrick Hibernia, Alexander Scotia, and David Walliæ. They are pouring down a pint bumper libation in honour of the hero of Salamanca, and honest enthusiasm is strongly depicted in their looks and attitudes.

John gives the cheering toast. Paddy, with all his national impetuosity of feeling, can scarcely stop to repeat it, before he empties his glass to the health of his own boast, and triumphant countryman. Sandy too is no longer the emblem of prudence and temperance, but, filled with equal ardour, is tossing off the inspiring draught, which, while it blazons the name of Wellington, includes in the train of his gallant compeers in arms many of the sons of whom maternal Scotland is justly most proud. Taffy has his share in the general joy; for never since the day the leek was first won did the hardy children of Wales cover themselves with greater glory than on the memorable day of Salamanca.

The centre of the table is adorned with a splendid national device, in which the shield of Britannia in the centre, surrounded by the harps of Ireland and Wales,



and the large plumed bonnet and bagpipes of Scotland, forms a basement which is crowned with the rose, double leek, shamrock, and thistle, emblems of their respective countries. On this is supported the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, encircled with laurel and illuminated by the rising sun; over which is hovering a dove with an olive-branch in its mouth, symbolical of the truism, that a safe and honourable peace can only be purchased at the expense of a firm and vigorous system of war against the enemy of Britain.

The dexter and sinister military standards assist in forming a pyramidical tablet, and give relief to the grouping of the various insignia.

Turning from this festive scene, on the other side of the picture is presented to view the various effects of the arrival of the French Eagles on various descriptions of persons—Houses blazing with illuminations and fireworks—other houses dark, disconsolate, dreary, and gloomy; whose owners are only desirous to raise flames, and excite explosions of another kind. Among these the most blackly conspicuous and darkly brought to light is the domicile of a great patriot. He is himself visible in the back ground, thrown completely into shade and enveloped in murky night, finely contrasted with the brilliancy that glitters around. His servant is informing him, that his friends, the mob, are breaking his windows, and that he must make light of the matter; to which he heavily replies, “then curse them, hang out a dozen of dark lanterns.” The fickle favour of the crowd is demonstrated by the shattered state of his windows, and the elevation of a number of stones, which his patriotism, like the music of Orpheus, has had the power of forcing to dance in the streets, and in their leavings to advance towards the performer.



The rejoicing of the people, the splendour of variegated lamps, and the gaiety of the piece, are also well contrasted with a funeral, which shows how well the painter of this picture knew to touch the passions, and demonstrate the vicissitudes of human life—how well he could inculcate the moral, that joy is mingled with grief in the cup of humanity, and that that which delights one man is the cause of sadness and sorrow to another. Thus the exultations for the battle of Salamanca appear, though very general, not to be universal, and real mourners are seen amid the gay crowd. They mourn the death of a favourite, of whom we were astonished to find no notice taken in the Gazette, and for which omission their literary organ has not ceased to rail against ministers, saying, “Why have ye not published the whole of Lord Wellington’s dispatches?” If they had, it would sooner have been known to the public, the fact, which the SATIRIST has thus portrayed—namely, that the HOPES OF THE PARTY WERE SLAIN AT SALAMANCA, ON THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY. The burial of this unfortunate Being presents a melancholy spectacle in the midst of the common festivity. While Britons are shouting for the victory, the party are wailing for their individual loss. While the nation is roaring with mirth, revelry, and every demonstration of exulting feelings, they, alas! are following the bier of the departed, with weeping, lamenting, and gnashing their teeth. It fills even the heart of the Satirist with pity to mark their sad fate; and were not his mind unusually buoyant at this moment, from the tide of gladdening intelligence pouring in all sides to augment the flood of his country’s glory, he really is not sure but he would condole with these miserable elves, and soothe their wretched complaints!!

In this picture two curious trophies are also observa-

ble. One represents a short-sighted politician, who, having been disappointed in his "prognosticated prophecies," relative to the failure of the British army at Salamanca, has gone into mourning on the arrival of Lord Clinton. But his suit is not of accustomed sables; he has more appropriately cased himself in a *paper* armour, on which, within a black rim, is inscribed, *The Mourning Chronicle!* The other is *A Post*, surmounted by the laurelled wreath of victory, and ornamented with the names of battles achieved by the warrior whose character and fame it has ever spiritedly supported against factions, misrepresentations, lies, and calumnies.

Treason and Envy fly from the enlivening and gratifying sight, and will probable never again venture to asperse or endeavour to blacken the name of ARTHUR WELLESLEY—THE PRIDE OF BRITAIN—THE DELIGHT OF PORTUGAL—THE DELIVERER OF SPAIN!

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### THE NOSEGAY.

*To my Sister Mary, on seeing her gathering Wild Flowers.*

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MY dearest Sister! now you rove  
Through every field and every grove,  
To cull the fragrant flow'rs,  
Which Nature, with unsparing pains,  
O'er all her spacious domains  
In vast profusion pours.

I see thy feet attracted stray  
To where the violet scents the way,

Low blooming in the shade :  
Now where the speckled hawthorn blows ;  
Now where the beauties of the rose  
Are to the sun display'd.

Now exultation lifts thee high,  
And pleasure brightens up thine eye;  
Thy nosegay is complete—  
So various too! it needs must please—  
Here daisies, cowslips, and heartsease,  
With broom and bluebells meet.

Yet, ah! my lovely girl, beware!  
All is not good that looks so fair,  
And dangers lurk around—  
The glowing rose you so admire  
Is guarded by the scythelike brier,  
Th' invader's hand to wound.

The May is not in triumph borne,  
Without encountering the thorn  
Attendant on its bloom :  
And oft beneath the nettle's sting,  
Protected, harmless pansies spring,  
And all the gale perfume.

And, oh! my love! your views extend,  
Instruction with amusement blend,  
And wisely learn betimes ;  
E'en like the chase you now pursue  
Your pilgrimage through life to view,  
Where virtues mix with crimes.

The grac'd outside, the manners bland,  
The look sincere, and proffer'd hand,



May hide a callous heart,  
Which feels not for another's pain;—  
Which envy, hate, and malice stain;  
All baseness, fraud, and art.

Nay! hid beneath Love's warmest smile,  
Lurk falsehood, perfidy, and guile,  
The female heart t'ensnare;  
And, under friendship's sacred guise,  
Too oft, alas! foul treachery lies,  
Deceit, and selfish care.

And still the more of life you know,  
Experience more and more will show  
Your yet unconscious youth:  
Survey the real scene, you'll find  
This hasty picture of mankind  
Falls sadly short of truth.

Yet suffer not scowling mistrust  
To make thee to the world unjust,  
And think the whole one blot:  
For some there are—alas! how few!  
With souls to every virtue true—  
Heav'n cast with theirs thy lot!

FRATER.



## HACKNEY COACHMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

HAVING lately read, in a daily paper, an account  
of a penalty inflicted on *Carter*, a *Hackney Coachmen*, who

was summoned before the Commissioners to answer two charges—one, his refusing to take his fare from Camden Town; the other, gross misbehaviour to the person who hired him; to both of which charges I observe the Coachman pleads guilty: and, on reading the subsequent part of the account, I find that the Commissioners fined the Coachman ONLY FIFTEEN SHILLINGS; but, in addition to this, we are told, that “the Coachman was severely reprimanded, and warned not to behave badly again.” Now, Sir, I believe that every one of your readers, who may have noticed that statement, were of opinion with myself, that, through the mistaken lenity of the Commissioners, the Coachman had the best of the contest after all; for he had enjoyed the felicity of exhausting his vulgar vocabulary of abuse; he had eloquently vented the superabundance of his clumsy rhetoric against an unoffending person, who was surrounded by a mob, congregated by the vociferated ribaldry and execrations of this son of the whip; and the gentleman who complains, finding himself unable to “*wage war against St. Giles's and the Mint*,” retires defeated from the conflict, with merely threatening punishment, whilst the offender boldly defies him; and in this *stage* of the business the spectators and auditory of this disgraceful scene separate: they have heard the coarse language applied to the complainant, and witnessed the triumph of the Coachman; and the knight of the thong, inflated with victory, congratulates himself on his fancied importance. Mark what follows! The gentleman who has been thus ill-treated is obliged to attend twice at the Hackney Coach Office, once to get the summons, and the second time for the hearing; and for this abuse, and this trouble, what redress does he obtain? He sees the offender fined FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, and procures an *apology from a Hackney Coachman*.—An apology

from a Hackney Coachman! What is the submission and contrition of the whole tribe of Hackney Coachmen worth? Those who have had any thing to do with these characters know, that when seated on the boxes of their crazy vehicles, or strutting among the dung of their half-starved Rozinantes, they imagine they are not only privileged to ill-treat the four-legged animals they purchase at Smithfield, but that they are the persons who are to *manage and drive* that part of the rational creation who employ them.

The newspapers are constantly proclaiming the audacity and extortion of these mildly dealt-with gentry, who grossly offend every day, and regularly cringe and supplicate for mercy the following week, and then return to their old business of robbery and rapacity, the first fare they meet with after they have left the public offices, where their apologies and their fines have been recorded. But the instances of their imposition, that you meet with in private circles, are innumerable; you cannot complain of their overcharges and insolence to your neighbour, but, impatient of the restrictions of politeness, he interrupts your narrative to detail an instance of ill-treatment, far exceeding the one you are relating; and yet these are the offenders who are to be compassionated, whose apologies are to be received as an atonement for a breach of the peace, and who are to be pardoned because *they say* they are sorry for what they have done; who profess their contrition, pay their paltry fines, and leave the Commissioners' office, lolling their tongues into their cheeks, and laughing in their sleeves at the quantum of punishment they have received, well knowing that one week's impositions will, to use their own phrase, "bring them up."

Trusting, Sir, that your representations on this subject, through the medium of a Magazine of considerable



weight and authority, will have more influence than the columns of a daily Journal, I have taken the liberty of calling your attention to an evil which is as generally felt and complained of as any of the grievances of the metropolis, and am

Your obedient servant,

W.

We have willingly given insertion to the foregoing communication, and only wish, that any hints from the SATIRIST might avail in procuring for the public some amendments in the Hackney Coach system. The everlasting impositions, extortions, sauciness, and black-guardism, to which every man is exposed who has occasion to hire any of these vehicles, is indeed one of the miseries of human life. The plague and trouble attendant upon them, is the topic of universal complaint; the misconduct of the drivers of Hackney Coaches constant and perpetual, and their prosecution rare, uncertain, and imperfect. Hundreds submit to be cheated and abused, rather than undergo the fatigue of bringing the offenders before a Court, where their treatment bears no proportion to the enormity of their transgression—a miserable fine, and a reprimand, and a beg-pardon. We are not advocates for too much severity in the infliction of punishment, but assuredly the sentence ought to be such as to operate in deterring from a repetition of the crime, and not of the nature of a stimulus to future insolence and depredation. Such we must consider that course to be which is represented by our correspondent. We will venture to say, that there is more money extorted by Hackney Coachmen, within twenty-four hours of favourable, i. e. wet, weather, than is recovered from them in fines within twelve months.

Under this impression, we must consider the existing mode of redressing aggrieved parties to be inadequate for the purpose of preserving the public peace, and preventing the grossest extortion; and would therefore recommend to the Commissioners and Magistrates, appealed to on such occasions, to visit with heavier penalties an offence, which, if it is not of very great magnitude, is yet, from its universality and unceasing operation, a serious inconveniency and real oppression, well worthy of attention and reformation.—One thing we would most especially press as desirable for the public; which is, that every Hackney Coachman should be compelled to keep in his possession, and produce, when required so to do by his fare, a ticket, containing a scheme of the rates from various parts of the town to other parts; the price by the hour, mile, &c. and in fine a perfect statement of those matters connected with his occupation, which we find rather imperfectly detailed in Almanacks and Pocket-books. This simple remedy would have the effect of preventing very many disagreeable disputes with the resolute, and infamous contributions levied on the timid, or such as have neither time nor opportunity of bringing the guilty to the justice, however insufficient, now administered.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

THE maxim, "*Hear both sides*," is so consonant with the spirit of the laws, and the manly independent character of Englishmen, that I have no doubt you

will admit the following explanation, in answer to the attack which a Correspondent in your LIXth number, under the signature of "*A Naval Officer*," has made upon my *late Owl*: for, be it known to you, Mr. Editor, and to all whom it may concern, that my poor Owl is *no more*. The offence with which I am charged by this officer is nothing less than that of hoisting false colours, for the purpose of entrapping the unwary: the falsehood of such a charge must be obvious to every one who walks the streets of London. My having chosen Minerva as the patroness of the literary branch of my pursuits, is a matter of public notoriety, and some persons have gone so far as to insinuate that a partnership subsists between us. On this subject I am silent, for who would betray ladies' secrets? So much, however, I am allowed to say, that when I commenced my "*Repository of Arts*," the goddess kindly allowed her own *bird* to port himself in my window, for the purpose of receiving the communications destined for that publication. Many people, recollecting, I suppose, from the study of Tooke's *Pantheon*, that the Owl belonged to the patroness of *letters*, thought fit to cram down the poor creature's throat such multitudes of epistles, intended for the General and Twopenny Post Office, that it cost me no small trouble to forward them to their respective destinations, which was invariably done whenever my box was opened. Such was the explanation I recollect to have given to a person who called a few weeks since, to inquire concerning a letter in this predicament, and who, for aught I know, might have been your "*Naval Officer*:" so far, however, from showing any disposition to give him a broadside, as he insinuates, or even to bring a single *gun* to bear upon him, I assured him, when he came within hail, and informed me of his errand, that, to prevent the recurrence of such



mistakes, I should remove my Owl ; which I accordingly did soon after, a fortnight at least before the appearance of this complaint in your publication. If by a second mistake, still more gross than the first, he should have construed into rudeness what was intended for civility, that certainly was not my fault ; and I shall merely observe, that if this "*Naval Officer*" is in the habit of making such frequent mistakes in his professional duty, he is perhaps quite as well employed, for his own reputation and that of his country, in cramming Owls on shore.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. ACKERMAN.

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### CORONER'S INQUEST—ON A FELLOW D'YE SEE!

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ON the 10th of last month a Coroner's Inquest was held at the White (livered) Lion, on the body of A. BLACKGUARD, Esq. who was found hanging in a garret on the preceding day.

The first witness called was DARBY O'KICKASS. He deposed, that he had known the deceased for some time. Witness was a lamplighter by profession, and remembered the deceased when he was about to engage in the same line with an improved method of hanging the *lights*. At the period to which he alluded, the deceased was commonly called *Blackguard*, but was frequently accosted by the name of *Arry*, which was his Christian name, if he had any thing Christian about him. Afterwards

the deceased got up in the world and would hardly speak to his old friends. Latterly, however, he had found his tongue, and at the time of the late *Bristol Hunt* had engaged him (the witness), with Roger Rapsallion (a dust-man), and Bill Cloutface (a chimney-sweep), who were also two of Blackguard's old cronies, and several of their friends, to work up a row. Blackguard agreed to pay them thirty shillings per week, and a pint of gin a day, at the same time allowing an extra half-crown for every head they broke, and as much for every house of which they demolished the windows. They were to be paid in proportion for all the damage they might do to the adherents of the opponent of a friend of his, one *Hart—y*, who was such a scoundrel, that he had the interest of the country more at heart than to encourage a riot to obtain a Parliamentary Reform. Blackguard did not care a d—n about Radical Reform, if he could but get his friend into Parliament; but (as he observed to witness) this would be attended with a *hell of an expense*, unless he could bamboozle or frighten the voters, so as to make them support him without his paying any of the usual costs. He therefore, from a love of *political economy*, engaged witness, Rapsallion, Cloutface, and their friends, to raise a bit of a breeze, which he had no doubt would have the effect of *Hunt-ing* his friend's opponent out of the town. Witness and his party commenced the business, and *milled* the voters as they came, or as they went away, pretty handsomely. The first week they were paid *very honourably* by—*A. Blackguard*, who regularly appeared on the hustings, in the genteelest terms imaginable, d—ning the eyes of the most respectable people of the town for paupers, bidding them to go to hell and be —, and inviting them to come — — —, while he held up the skirts of his coat. Every thing

went on very well for the first ten days, though Blackguard swore horrid oaths, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself and them, if they were not on the wrong side the hedge after all. Witness, however, and his friends, got their money, and Blackguard expressed his great satisfaction at their conduct in gutting and firing several houses, after demolishing the windows and milling the inhabitants. Soon after this Blackguard himself was *hunted* out of the town. The last week, however, had been the hardest for witness and his friends, yet for this they were not paid as they were before. Witness found out where Blackguard roosted, and went for the money. Blackguard was out several times, as the woman who *kept company* with him told witness. At last witness bolted by her, and found the deceased, who, on seeing him, looked like a fool. He tried to put him off for a month, but witness swore that would not do. Blackguard then tried to bully witness, and told him he might do his worst and be d—d, for that he should never be paid, as all that he and his friends had done was not worth a fiddler's curse \*. Witness gave him a rap over his *smellers*, which brought him to, and at last he agreed to pay him on the next day. Witness accordingly went the following morning, and, being apprehensive of some trick, thought proper to get in at the window. He went up stairs, and softly opened the door of Blackguard's room, when he saw the deceased leaning back as it were on the bed, with his mouth wide open. At first witness thought he was yawning, but, on looking closer at him, he found the deceased had a cord round his neck, by which he was dangling to the tester, which appeared something like a *lamp-post*. Witness thought of seizing

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\* This is the elegant language of the original.—SAT.



his shirt in part of payment; but, upon looking closely at the deceased, he found that was not a garment which he sported. Witness then called assistance, and the deceased, who had been so dreadfully cut up at the election, was now cut down. At first he had believed Blackguard had hanged himself merely to cheat him (the witness) out of his money. He was now, however, inclined to think that was not the fact, and rather to suppose that he was mad (through his late failure), as had he been in his senses he would hardly have thought it worth while to hang himself, satisfied as he was that all the trouble of such a job would one day be taken off his hands by Jack Ketch. It might, to be sure, be thought he had hanged himself to spite Jack Ketch, with whom the deceased was not on good terms, in consequence of a dressing which Jack had given him on one occasion; but he did not much think it was done from ill-blood to him, as he understood that affair to have blown over.

PIGGY WARREN was a pork-butcher at Bath, and sold tripe and trotters. He had been intimate with Blackguard for some years, who had been in the habit of selling him measly pigs on reasonable terms. The deceased was not, as had been reported, merely a *potatoe spudder*, but had had something to do with a farm. He had first come to Bath, seven years ago, to have his head shaved for some complaint, with which at that time he was troubled. Blackguard had asked him what was best to be done in such a case. He (Piggy) had told him that shaving might possibly be the best thing *he* could do in the first instance, but the waters sometimes did good without shaving. He (Piggy) then told him what had occurred in the case of Bladud, son of King Lüd, and how the pigs, the progenitors of those from whom he took his name, first rubbed themselves in the mud, after which Prince Bla-

dud went and took a roll in it with them, and the consequence to him was an entire cure of the scurvy. Blackguard asked him (Piggy) if that was really true? He (Piggy) replied, he might depend upon it, as he (Piggy) had himself been an eye-witness of the fact. Blackguard said, he had no longer any doubt of the truth of the story, and declared he would not have questioned his (Piggy's) statement at first, had he not, from the circumstance of his being the intimate friend of one of the *Lud* family (who was a General), rather wondered that the story had not reached him before. He (Piggy) again assured him, that he might depend upon its truth; but added, that it was a dirty job. Blackguard replied, he did not care for that, as he was used to dirty work. He (Piggy) then directed him where to go, and Blackguard rolled himself in the mire according to his (Piggy's) instructions, but it did not show on him much. After all, it was necessary to shave his head, and even then the scurvy was not wholly cured, at least it was rumoured he had lately played off several *scurvy tricks*. Since the period to which he had alluded, Blackguard and he (Piggy) had been very intimate, and he had made for the deceased many *hog-puddings*, of which he (Blackguard) was as fond as ever Bladud's pigs had been of the hot springs. Blackguard had not only been a customer to himself, but he had recommended him to many of his friends. He (Piggy) had lately sent to town, through his recommendation, a considerable quantity of pig's fry to Major Cartwright, for Messrs. Harris the leather-cutter, and young Brooks the glazier. He had also sent up some liver and *crow* for Kit Hutchinson; some *bacon* for Mr. Cobbett, which Mr. C. though he wished it, had been unable to *save* at the Crown and Anchor dinner; and some tripe, together with a large sausage, to Sir F. Burdett, which

he understood it was the intention of the Honourable Baronet to send as a present to Lady —. With respect to the deceased's mind, he could not say much: he had not seen any material alteration in him of late. On one occasion he (Piggy) remembered to have heard him say, that he'd be d—d if he should not go mad. He (Piggy) believed his mind had been somewhat hurt by an ungentlemanly observation, which had been thrown out on one occasion. That to which he (Piggy) alluded, was a speech made one day when the Cap of Liberty was carried before the deceased. Blackguard was following it on his horse; when one of the crowd called out, that the cap, instead of being *over a pole*, ought to be *over his* (Blackguard's) *eyes*. This seemed to gall the deceased. The cap fitted too close.

Peg LOLPOOF had lived with the deceased some time. She was formerly the wife of a man of some respectability. Her husband kept a large baboon. Blackguard introduced himself to the notice of her husband by scraping an acquaintance with the baboon. Her husband by degrees became attached to Blackguard, who by degrees quartered himself on them, so that he almost wholly lived at their house. He often borrowed money of her in the absence of her husband, but she did not recollect that he ever paid what he so obtained. He also borrowed considerable sums of her husband, who, however, never seemed disposed to *Hunt* him away, as he was particularly pleased with him, from the great resemblance he (Blackguard) bore to the baboon, and would often boast that he could show, at his house, two of the finest specimens of the Ourang Outang breed in Christendom. Blackguard appeared very grateful for the notice which was taken of him by her husband, and, though several things of value were missing while he was there, not the



slightest suspicion ever fell upon him. One day, when her husband was out, he (Blackguard) attempted to take liberties with her. She was so alarmed (thinking it was the baboon) that she fainted, and was not herself again for half an hour. She had no recollection of what passed within that period. Afterwards *Blackguard* appeared to her to improve in person, till at last she really thought he had considerably the advantage of the baboon, and used to admit him when she did not want the *individual* last mentioned. One day, when her husband was out, Blackguard borrowed a guinea of her, and persuaded her to take a walk. He took her to a sort of public-house, which, he said, was kept by a friend of his, which she was convinced was not a lie, from his intimacy with the pot-boy. Here he *treated* her (*out of her own money*) with brandy punch, &c. till at length she could not see her way home. A bed was provided for her there, and in the morning she found Blackguard slept in the same apartment. He laughed at the trick which he had played off, as he said, on her husband, when he was interrupted by the arrival of that person, who in a great rage swore he could have borne to be deserted for a man, but that it was too much to be left for a monkey. He then gave her a severe horsewhipping, during which Blackguard (as he would not *see her ill-used*) stole down stairs and ran off. Her husband, however, followed him, pulled his nose, kicked him repeatedly, and asked him if he would fight. Blackguard fell on his knees and begged to be excused, at the same time offering to beg pardon. Her husband, not content with this, kicked him again, and finally horsewhipped him. Since that time witness had lived constantly with the deceased, with the exception of about three weeks at different times, when she had run away in consequence of his beating her. During the

late business of the *Bristol Hunt*, he had frequently come home and execrated her, as on her account, he said, he had been "blown up, *like a rat in a tin-pot*, on the hustings." He, however, added, that he had given those who had affronted him as good as they sent, for he had sworn he remembered seeing them all in the pillory, for what (she hoped they would spare her modest blushes) she did not wish to mention. He moreover told her, that she must get his Smalls new seated, as he had worn them out in bidding the voters defiance, and inviting them to come forward to salute him as the holder of a seat (in Parliament she supposed) of *honour*. By the same action he had made himself black and blue; and she did not know but, after all, he might have died of a *mortification*, as he looked dismally *blue* at the close of the poll.

JACK PLEDGE was the next witness examined. He stated himself to be a pawnbroker and a constable. The deceased had been his particular friend for some years: he first knew him by his coming to pawn his breeches, and afterwards by his offering to *pledge his honour*, an article with which he (Pledge) would be sorry to have any thing to do. Blackguard had been one of his best friends in the pledging way, but he could not say he had ever been much in the habit of redeeming what he pledged. This he pledged his word, on the honour of a pawnbroker, was true, as he could prove by *duplicates in his possession* if it was questioned. He had no doubt but the deceased was *non compos mentis*, as he had repeatedly heard Blackguard himself declare, while the *Hunt was going on*, "that he was d—d mad." He stated himself to be a constable, and to have been very active in *promoting public tranquillity* during the *Hunt*.

NAN TATTER, SAL DIRTY FACE, and DOLL TEAR-

SHEET, stated themselves to be LADIES. They had been the bosom friends of the deceased, and as such had been by him provided with a good seat at the Hustings, and publicly acknowledged as his friends. He had promised, if things were brought to a proper conclusion, that bread should be sixpence the loaf, and that Sir Vicary G—— should grace a lamp-post. That he had not accomplished the latter had depressed his spirits, and that he had not succeeded in bringing about a rebellion—a Radical Reform they meant, had, in their opinion, driven him mad, as he always said he would distract or be distracted. They all mentioned instances of mental derangement, of ungovernable violence of temper, and acts that seemed to proceed from being possessed with devils.

The Coroner, in summing up the evidence, gave it as his opinion, that a case of insanity was not clearly made out. He however observed, that as the deceased had been taken for a baboon, it was for the jury to decide whether or not he ought to be punished as a human being ; not that he thought he was exactly of the monkey species, but because it appeared that, in many instances, his conduct had been that of a *dirty dog*.

The Jury retired, and, after some consultation, brought in their verdict—"Died by hanging—a natural death to a dog."



## BRITISH ARTS AND ARTISTS.

### No. 1.

It is an acknowledged truism, that the greatness, prosperity, and happiness of a country may ever be justly appre-



ciated by the state of its arts—that if they are found flourishing in full vigour, there can be no better symptom of the wealth and elevation of a realm; while, on the contrary, their being low and debased is the surest indication of national poverty and decay. If we look back on the history of mankind, we must observe, that the eras of the utmost respectability and grandeur of nations were at the same time those in which painting, sculpture, and eloquence, had reached among them their highest pitch of perfection. Under ALEXANDER the Great, in the reign of AUGUSTUS, during the pontificate of LEO the Xth, and still later when LEWIS the XIVth carried the ambitious views of France to the utmost extent of success—all these periods are alike remarkable for the advancement of the power, and the excellence in the several arts, of the Greeks, the Romans, the Italian and the French nations. On the other hand, we as invariably find the periods of national degradation co-equal with those of a perversion of the fine arts, a depraved taste, and a wretchedness in execution, which only (to use a technical expression) compose with the political debasement of the country. When we are convinced of this intimate connexion between the prosperity of a land and the situation of its arts, it is somewhat extraordinary that the latter should so long have been viewed with eyes of indifference in a country like England; that, till very lately, the encouragement afforded to our artists has been so insignificant as scarcely to offer an inducement to the painter to endeavour to surpass, in skill, the efforts of our rude British ancestors, of whose self-daubings *Propertius* says,

Nunc etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos,  
Ludis et externo tincta nitore caput.

A spirit of patronage, however, has now fortunately

arisen, and from its operations we rejoice to see a great and progressive improvement in the arts. Of late years we have beheld productions of native genius in history, in poetical subjects, and in landscape, which afford the fairest prospect of future excellence, and utterly disprove that national reproach under which we have heretofore laboured, that "the passion of the English for portraits must ever prevent the rise of history paintings among us." From this time we will evince to the world, that we can attain as high a rank in this divine art as we have already attained in the sister graces of poetry and eloquence, and that the genius of our island is capable of perfection in *all* the liberal arts.

But were we to throw entirely out of our consideration the value of this ascension in the graphic scale, as connected with our national aggrandizement, still, as merely the source of gratification to the sense, and the proof of our politeness and humanity, it demands from every Briton the most fostering encouragement and warmest support. Of the delight and refinement to be derived from the cultivation of the polite arts, of their tendency to improve every social pleasure, the elegant Ovid expresses his conviction,

Scilicet ingenium placida molitur ab arte,  
Et studio mores convenientur eunt—

and the classic, whom we have before quoted, carries his ideas of their utility much further in a moral light, as destroying those violent passions which, in rude and uncultivated minds, are the cause of turbulence, disorder, and ruin; "Similiter (says he) in pectoribus ira confidit, feras quidem mentes obsidet, eruditae prelabitur."

As the existence of the arts in a state of some maturity has been considered by the best informed writers as the

test of a nation's removal from barbarism, and progress in civilization, so consequently has their absence or rudeness been looked upon as an opposite proof. Virgil, whose knowledge of human nature is unquestionably great, gives a remarkable instance of his opinion on this head, when he describes the terrors of Eneas on landing in Africa as entirely subsiding when he sees the temples adorned with paintings. He no longer dreads the inhospitality of the inhabitants, but exclaims—

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Solve metum—

In these few concise observations it is only our wish to show, that the highest authorities of antiquity sanction the position with which we set out; and we might add, an innumerable host of the greatest authors, all concurring in placing the fine arts in an estimable rank, whether, as conducing to the pleasure and refinement of mankind, or measuring and promoting the greatness and prosperity of nations. If these premises cannot be doubted, which we will make bold to assume they cannot, then it clearly follows, that the state of the arts becomes one of the most interesting subjects for the contemplation of the scholar, the merchant, the manufacturer, the politician, and, in fine, of every citizen whose breast glows with the love of his native land. We have already noticed, that the spirit of patronage, support, and encouragement, both by private individuals and public institutions, is extending throughout the country, and that a corresponding progress in the arts of painting and sculpture is the visible consequence. The present may be considered as an era in the history of British art—an era from which, we trust, we may date its uninterrupted rise to the standard of ancient splendour. With



a continuation and increase of the countenance of the royal, the noble, and the wealthy, what is there incongenial in the clime of Britain, what is there of inferiority in the genius of her sons, that should forbid our indulging in the pleasing hope of seeing Raphaels, Titians, Claudes, and Correggios, of our own?

With this opinion of the subject, and considering it as one of the first duties of the press to lend its aid to the promotion of objects of legitimate national importance, it is our intention, in a regular series of essays, to which this may be considered as introductory, to take a comprehensive view of the present state of the arts of painting and sculpture in this country. In executing this task we shall not deal in general topics, or mere declamatory remarks on points of art, whether connected with the mechanical or ideal. It is our intention to embrace a complete circle of our principal living artists, give an account of their works, their various pursuits, and most obvious peculiarities, excellences or defects. In the execution of this design we shall endeavour, as much as possible, to avoid every mode of expression, not as well understood by the common observer as by the most technically-mouthed connoisseur, and we trust our views of the subjects may be rendered as plain and intelligible as our language: for of all the fopperies and affectations of mankind, there are none more useless and disgusting than the ridiculous conceit, vanity, and folly, of estimating knowledge by the use of hard words, and a capacity to judge of paintings or sculpture from a memory to retail the names of great masters, and of the implements and terms of the art. Cicero most accurately and justly makes this observation—" *Omnes enim tacito quodam sensu; sine ulla arte aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac parva dijudicant.*" In another place

he pursues the idea still further—"mirabile est cum plurimùm in faciendo intersit inter doctum et rudem, quam non multum differat in judicando."

It is not meant to be denied but that taste and judgment may be improved by study and an acquaintance with the finest productions of the arts, but as every man of common understanding is endowed with a power of perception, and can distinguish between the beautiful and the deformed, so is it easy to convey these perceptions to others in plain language, without having recourse to abstruse terms, and an ill-understood phraseology.

With these intentions, and in this manner, the present design will be conducted, and we entertain an ardent hope that a feature so novel to the Satirist, while it must conduce to the advantage of the arts, will not be found unentertaining to the generality of our readers.

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ADDRESS FOR THE OPENING OF DRURY  
LANE THEATRE.

*Spoken in the character of a Muse.*

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INFLAM'D by Sherry's nose of fire;  
Inspir'd by Whitbread's brisk Entire;  
Cast-Ale-ian spring! from many a pot,  
Either drunk deep, or tasted not;  
The Muse, quite frisky, once again  
Salutes ye all at Drury Lane,  
And, as the custom is, gives you  
A retrospect-prospective view;

That you what we have been may see,  
And judge—to be or not to be.

Apollo, like some lordling proud,  
High-rais'd above the vulgar crowd,  
Full long had stood, nor car'd to know  
How far'd the toiling throng below;  
If authors, actors, men in trade,  
Were flamm'd or cramm'd, paid or unpaid—  
Fell Vacuum seiz'd the privy purse,  
And debts were heeded—not a curse!  
The Road to Ruin was our play,  
With no farce, but—The Devil to Pay!  
Instead of wreaths of *bay-leaf* green,  
Black *bay-liffs* fill'd the horrid scene.

Nor could the bum-struck Muses dare  
Expect or hope for better fare,  
For all was manag'd wrong as could be,  
Or as we say, “Nought as it should be.”

Our Brinsley, who so well could woo us,  
That what he lik'd he could do to us:—

MELPOMONE, in *Rolla* court;

In *Joseph*, with *Thalia* sport;

EUTERPE, in *Duenna's* please;

In short, charm all the *AONIDES*.

— Our Brinsley, from his sphere remov'd,

Where he was loving and belov'd,

Was led from fair Parnassus' mount,

To touch and tend the cash account;

A business for which human wit

Could find no mortal more unfit;

For since from green Hibernia's sod

He first the paths of London trod,

Plutus and he, in endless jar,

Had wag'd interminable war:



And though he oft, by plot and wile,  
 The god had manag'd to despoil,  
 Still, after all, 'twas clear the odds  
 Had run in favour of the gods.  
 And, therefore, when Dick kept the treasure,  
 No chance of Measure left for Measure,  
 But rather promise gave to end it,  
 With Forty Thieves to earn or spend it:  
 And thus, in this part of my song,  
 Drury appears, All in the Wrong.  
 — Again—of genius, wit, and taste,  
 Sole umpire, in the chair was plac'd,  
 Aaron;—not the priest, whose snake  
 For lunch would scores of serpents take;  
 But he who'd strain like him, I wiss,  
*That nothing should be left to hiss.*  
 — As if the man who cleans'd the bulks;  
 The man who organis'd the hulks;  
 The man who sat on justice bench  
 Each day to punish rogue and wench;  
 Should be most fit, by Bow Street rules,  
 To mete the thoughts of classic schools;  
 And, as he flying knaves would try,  
 Scan the bold flights the Muse might fly;  
 Or with that skill no shift deceives,  
 Detect or plagiarists or thieves;  
 Alike to gaol or fate consign  
 The highway man or bard divine.

With such anamolies, 'twas strange  
 Old Drury held so long a range:  
 A poet of her funds in trust is!  
 And all her bards turn'd o'er to justice!

At length rose the devouring flame,  
 And tumbling down Apollo came;

Taught now to feel the adverse blast,  
His stony heart gave way at last.

Got up, as a disaster dire,  
Has been this purifying fire;  
Hard creditors to soften down,  
And rouse the feelings of the town,  
T'excite subscription, coalition,  
Compassion, credit, composition:—  
— No drama e'er had such a run—  
Till many critis have begun  
To hint our very sad mishap  
Was a most dexterous stage trap;  
The luckiest chance to free us well  
From thralldom most incurable.  
— But be that as it may, this fane  
On *ruin* rais'd in Drury Lane,  
A perfect specimen of *art*,  
On Whitbread's, and on Wyatt's part,  
Proves that we still possess the *nous*  
That's requisite to *make a house*:  
A good house too—which we implore  
You'll fit with *many a good house more*!

[*Applause anticipated !!*]

Shall we not then our labours lose,  
Ye applauders tell your *doubtful* Muse,  
Who thus with candour marks the ground,  
Where once we stood—and now are found,  
The past has plac'd before your eye,  
And hastes to ope futurity?

The chief, beneath whose high command,  
We take the field in *corps* and *band*,  
Confess'd a man of force and wile,  
Of cumbrous mind, yet versatile.  
Then who like him is fit to reign,  
Or lead us through the rough campaign;

Like him, who, if the ballet stops,  
Can best enliven it with *hops*;  
Who, Juliet (trappings being dear)  
At cheaper rate can bring her *bier*;  
Like him, whose drays who ever saw,  
Know he can furnish what will *draw*;  
Like him, who sure must please the town  
Since his productions *all go down*,  
And brisk or stale, promoting fun,  
Have had, and aye will have, a *run*,  
Though sneering critics at them cut,  
They still are excellent, all-*but*.

[*Applause!*]

And next to him—ah! much I fear!  
I cannot claim your plaudits here,  
Or look for overflowing nights  
While Arnold manages and writes.  
Arnold—one of the puny race  
Of scribblers, who the Muse disgrace,  
With flimsy nothings mock the age,  
And inundate with trash the stage,  
Successless candidates for fame.  
Made judges of all others' claim!  
No wonder that my votaries dear  
Should never on the scene appear;  
By jealous rivals foully tried,  
Sneer'd at, condemn'd, and thrown aside  
Nothing can please such nerveless elves  
But what is weaker than themselves;  
Hence Dimond \* earliest affords  
His *novelty* to grace these boards!!!

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\* From a mistake in a Morning Paper, the puff of Dimond's forthcoming operatic *Drame* was directed towards Drury Lane, instead of Covent Garden.



These are the reeds I grieve to own,  
 The brittle reeds I rest upon.  
 With Fawcett hoarse, himself a host,  
 Stage manager to rule the roast.  
 Big, strutting, swearing, worse than Kemble—  
 He'll make the green-room fear and tremble,  
 Till actors lose their little wits,  
 And pretty actresses take fits.

Such are my friends: Oh, Public, say,  
 May I expect with you to stay?  
 Can such a writing, envious crew,  
 Have business with the Muse to do?  
 I doubt, I fear, I sink, I die,  
 Nor know for refuge where to fly.  
 Should you decide this lovely place,

*[Pointing to the house.]*

Without a soul, is but a case—  
 A temple, fit for loftiest lay,  
 Foul'd by the wittings of the day—  
 A dome where Phœbus self might dwell  
 Mid ancient bards he lov'd so well,  
 Or moderns, who have near'd his throne,  
 Debas'd and by vile weeds overgrown,

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## FUNERAL ORATION ON NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.\*

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and SATAN CAME ALSO AMONG THEM.

"And the Lord said unto SATAN, Whence comest thou? Then SATAN answered the Lord, and said, *From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.*" JON, chap. i. ver. 6, 7.

WOULD to Heaven, my hearers, the language I am now about to address to you were listened to by the whole world, and then only, would the auditory be equal to the importance of the subject. He that was the scourge of the human race, is not: Napoleon Buonaparte has fallen to rise no more.

For the blessings of an abundant harvest, of a plenteous vintage, of propitious seasons, of corporeal health, and mental sanity, it is the use of Christian nations to offer up thanksgivings to that Power from whom they are dispensed; nor are we less accustomed to make propitiatory sacrifices, when plague, pestilence, scarcity, or war, are let loose to waste and confound suffering mortality. On

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\* The reported event which called forth this picture, unfortunately for mankind, has turned out to be unfounded. It cannot therefore be so completely finished as it would have been had the subject been brought to a conclusion, which, however, we may hope is only anticipated for a very limited space of time, and consequently there may have been left less room for imparting other shades of further atrocities to the already too dark and terrific canvas. By whom the Oration was spoken is immaterial—whether by Massillon or Bourdilloue, or any living or dead French Orator. Unhappily there is too much truth in the colouring, and what to future ages will appear a work of imagination has all the fidelity of real life, as the bleeding world at this moment too fully testifies.

this, an occasion, partaking of the qualities which prompt to these thanksgivings and these propitiations, it is my lot to pronounce to you such an Oration as the wonderful change that has taken place renders necessary.

That part of the holy Scripture, which most naturally suggested itself as the topic on which to found my discourse, you will find in the first chapter of Job, and the 6th and 7th verses; but it is evident, that of these verses only the latter parts can closely apply to my theme—these are, “*And SATAN came also among them—from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.*” Oh, admirable picture of a perturbed spirit, for which there was no rest! Oh, exquisite portraiture of one to whom evil was the only good!

To this wicked apostate Providence for a time permitted the partial exercise of power over the earth, and thus he employed it:—he burnt, ravaged, and laid waste, lands—he destroyed property—he pillaged cattle, flocks, and herds—he butchered servants, and murdered children—in fine, there was no calamity wherewithal he did not curse that portion of the world subjected to his inflictions. He triumphed for a while, and sat enthroned amid desolation. The streams of his enjoyments were blood; the music of his soul, the complaints of misery and the groans of anguish. Pre-eminent in mischief, grand in crime, majestic in guilt, it was his to show the first splendid example of victorious wickedness and towering demoniasm.

Upon this model, in latter ages, numerous heroes and conquerors have endeavoured to form themselves; but, as in Grecian sculpture, the perfection in the forms of a Phidias and Praxitelles, though the object of universal imitation, has never been approached; so the moral attempts at reaching the sublime height of the Being



whom we have described, have failed in an equal, if not in a greater, degree. Have failed till now—till in our own days we have seen the ancient model surpassed, and the prototype eclipsed, by the superior genius of the Imitator. Yes, it was reserved for the distance of several milleniums, to display the pride of Satan in the arrogance of a mortal; to show his lust of power in equal ambition; his fiend-like passions, in human depravity; his hellish cruelty, in savage nature; his hate towards the race of man, in a detestation, if possible, more ravenous and diabolical. Such have been the successful achievements of **NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.**

Happy, thrice happy, had it been for mankind had the scope of the second demon been no more enlarged than the range of the first. To one family alone was the temporary domination of Satan confined; to Napoleon, Europe, the fairest portion of the world, has been submitted. And, oh! with how merciless a hand, with how bitter a soul has he urged the work of waste and havoc! From the furthest verge, where gentle waves lave the garden of our continent, to where the angry surge foams against the rocky shores of the rugged North, is there a clime which he has not deluged with gore, a family he has not overwhelmed with mourning? The Ausonian vales yet resound with piercing shrieks of despair; extra Imaum Scythia yet reeks with the slaughter of hecatombs of human victims! Nay, as if the theatre of Europe were too confined to satiate his thirst of blood, affrighted Africa has witnessed the horrors he delights to inflict, and the fertile banks of Nilus have groaned beneath his secret murders and sweeping assassinations. He has gone to and fro upon the earth; and long shall the stained trace of his footstep, long shall the desolation of his track, be visible among the nations. The

populous city he has made a desert; the busy hum of men he has stilled into everlasting silence. Where restless industry urged her sounding toil, all is quiet as the grave; where mirth and gladness reigned, sadness and sorrow have fixed their habitation. And yet there are men—men shall we call them, because they wear a human form; and yet there are those, who have hailed this monster as a conqueror, who have lauded him as a hero!—Answer me, oh France! what it is to be a conqueror and a hero? It is to wade through slaughter to an usurped throne, and build up the horrid elevation of the seat, by the action of the midnight dagger, and the exertions of the destroying sword. It is to cement with daily blood that which blood has raised, and rivet crime with crime, till the latest becomes too horrible for shuddering nature to contemplate. It is to have thy fathers oppressed, thy sons dragged from their sacred homes to die in the useless contention of personal ambition, or in the ruffian struggle to spread slavery over the world. It is to have thy princes expatriated or butchered; thy chaste daughters offered on the altar of a tyrant's interests, the price and reward of his desperate adherents.

Answer me, oh Holland! what it is to be a conqueror and a hero? It is to rob a nation of its dear independence, purchased by an age of persevering resistance, and the lives of its most honoured citizens. It is to dash the cup of enjoyment from the lip of the peaceful merchant, to scatter the wealth of commerce to the four winds of heaven; and, as the country is made the province of an unrighteous empire, to force the people to bleed in the foreign cause of their infamous oppressor.

Answer me, oh Switzerland and the Tyrol! what it is to be a conqueror and a hero? It is to stab freedom in her native mountains; to burn the hamlet of her dwell-

ling; to carry flame and sword through her blooming villages, and to hurdle her bravest citizens to the ignominious block. It is to impose chains, and clench fetters, smeared with the heart's stream of her most daring and beloved sons, till the land of TELL and of HOFFER is the domain of a tyrant.

Answer me, oh Spain! what it is to be a conqueror and a hero? It is to invade the territory of a confiding ally; to entrap an unsuspecting friendly sovereign, and procure the cession of his crown by threats of death. It is to desolate a fair country, and sacrifice a gallant people; to minister woe through a Sebastiani and a Suchet, and shut the gates of mercy on suffering millions. Oh, once beauteous Lusitania! thy olive-crowned hills and vine-clad valleys ravaged and laid waste; thy pastoral banks and smiling plains filled with horror and devastation; thy towering cities and lovely streams smoking in ruins, and floating the thousand mangled corpses of thy children;—these, these, oh ill-fated land! proclaim to the world, with trumpet-tongue, what are the works of a great conqueror and a hero.

Shall we descend from viewing the general mass of misery, to contemplate the equally impressive pictures of particular crime? Surely it is not required to show that he, who so well could resemble the exterminating demon in comprehensive mischief, is not inferior to him in special ill. Speak for me, thou solitary cells of the Temple; speak for me, thou conscious walls of Jaffa!—tell it, ye secret racks and engines: Spirits of Pichegru, of Georges, of Palm, of Wright, of D'Enghein, and the whole host of murdered victims!—tell it in language more forcible than living organs can sound, what are the glories of Napoleon the Great!



But the hour of consolation has arrived. He who troubled the earth can trouble it no longer. The reign of the wicked is at an end; and therefore, I say, Comfort ye, comfort ye, every nation and people. The scourge of humanity is worn out; the storm has ceased to rage; havoc and the dogs of war are exhausted; the pestilential gale howls through the desert it has made no more. After the fury of the tempest, sweet shall be the repose of the elements—Peace shall sit enthroned in sweet, yet awful, majesty. Every man shall be secure under the shade of his own fig-tree. The sword and spear shall be converted into implements of husbandry. The world, purified and instructed, shall only remember the convulsions by which in our day it has been shaken, as a tale to augment, by contrast, the felicity of a second GOLDEN AGE.

*Redeunt Saturnia Regna.*

AMEN.

## COMIC OPERAS!

MR. EDITOR,

As Mr. Arnold is immortalising himself by turning Comedies into Operas, or by permitting Comedies so turned into Operas to be brought forward at the Lyceum, I hope you will not object to a poor poet's attempting to *turn* a penny, by *turning* a Comedy in this way. Though you have not expressed yourself in favour of the practice, yet I know your liberality too well to fear that you will make it your business to oppose a needy

author, merely because on such a point he happens to differ from you. With this conviction on my mind, I am satisfied you will allow me to say, without presumption, that in your view of the subject you are utterly mistaken. The art of manufacturing Operas from Comedies ought to be encouraged. By thus adding poetry to humour, we, *in a manner*, supply *breeches* to dramatic *genius*, and every lover of the drama ought to feel anxious for its emancipation from the *petticoats* of infancy, in which I must contend it appears till the poet furnishes it with a garment from Parnassus. Surely, Mr. Satirist, you are not such a foe to *harmony* as to wish for the extinction of British Operas altogether. If we are to have Operas at all, it is certainly desirous to have them as good as possible; and is it possible that any one at this time of day can fondly dream of having any thing tolerable in the form of an Opera, unless the author may avail himself of that *poetical licence* which has lately been claimed with so much of spirit, and I will add, with so much of propriety? The talent of tolerable dialogue is not expected from a vocal performer; and I think the public has no more right to look for the talent of writing dialogue in the song writer, than it has to require the actor to speak as well as to sing. If this has been desired, experience has proved how vain the hope, and "The Travellers," "The Virgins of the Sun," "The Maniac," "Up All Night," "Oh this Love," "Kais," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. "a long, a melancholy train," rise up to prove, that

"One science only can one genius fit."

The practice, in favour of which I contend, let me observe, is not so great an innovation on the established usages of the theatre as you may have been led to ima-

gine. I can assure you, very sincerely, that it has long been customary to enrich Operas by taking from Comedies those parts which, in the opinion of *the author* (of an Opera) were the *best*. The mode of expression which I have adopted, I trust, you will give me credit for, as deserving praise for its modesty, without being at all calculated to call forth an illiberal sneer at Opera writers, though you should chance to recollect an instance or two of passages being selected as the *best*, which the audience pronounced to be the *worst*, in the play from which they were taken. I hope you will not have the cruelty to say, that those who furnish the town with Operas do not know any better how to *steal* than how to *write*.

On this head I think I may very fairly conclude, that what I have advanced must satisfy your scruples. I trust I have satisfactorily shown, that the practice of using Comedies in the formation of Operas deserves some countenance, even for its antiquity; and admitting this, as you must of necessity admit it, you will undoubtedly be with me of opinion, that as *openly borrowing* ought to be encouraged rather than *privately stealing*, the critic ought to throw aside something of his severity, when he goes to see an Opera founded on a Comedy.

I have now, Sir, to beg that you will insert, in your widely circulating Magazine, a few scenes of an Opera, which I have prepared for the Lyceum Theatre, which I think you will find not inferior to any thing recently produced at that favourite resort of the Muses. My reasons for wishing it to appear in your work are twofold: in the first place, I wish to patronise the Satirist, by giving it *exclusively* so important an article; and, in the second, I wish it to be perused by Mr. Arnold, who in all probability will read it *much sooner* if it should be inserted within a twelvemonth from this time in your



pages, than he would *think of doing* if it were sent to him in the *regular way*. You may therefore much facilitate its progress to the stage; and you know it is of immense benefit to an author to get a piece acted, as it gives him not only fame, but riches. Oulton, the *successful* author of "The Sleep Walker," which was produced at the commencement of the present Haymarket season, it has been truly stated in a newspaper, received from the liberal proprietors not less than the *amazing* sum of *six*, if not *seven*, pounds for that piece, though as yet it has not been performed more than FIFTY nights \* !!!

Hoping you will not ruin the prospects of my family and of myself, hoping that we may still *hope* to reap a similar golden harvest from the *last* production of my Muse, and confident that you will know better than to deny yourself all the advantages which the *exclusive* possession of such an article must appear to present,

I remain,

Mr. Editor,

Your most obsequious, &c.

QUIZ BOBIUS.

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\* Since the above was printed, a paragraph has appeared in the *Morning Post*, which states, that the Managers of the Haymarket Theatre have liberally rewarded Mr. Oulton, "his night having failed." We wish the amount had been stated, in order to enable us to judge what these gentlemen consider to be *liberal*. It would have been more gracious had they *acted* in this way at first, as we believe was wished by Mr. Colman, and not have waited till the favour of doing justice was wrung from them by the indignant voice of the public.

THE TWO MEN IN LOVE WITH THE SAME  
WOMAN:

*A Comic Opera, altered from the Comedy of "The Rivals."*

ACT I. SCENE I.—*A Street in Bath.*

*Enter twenty Servants.*

*Chorus.*—HARK! HIST! HUSH!

Our masters now are in their beds,  
Nor does it enter once their heads,  
We rise to hear the lark;  
The morn before him kicks the night,  
'Tis day, and, strange to tell, 'tis light;  
The birds sing—Hark! hark! hark!  
Hark! hark! hark! hark! hark! hark!

Since Sol his lamp begins to burn,  
'Tis time that we should home return,  
Or else we may be miss'd;  
The peacock sings, the ravens caw,  
And, hark! I hear the donkey's jaw.  
Who comes there?—Hist! hist! hist!  
Hist! hist! hist! hist! hist! hist!

'Tis but the murmuring plaintive breeze  
Comes whistling thro' the waving trees;  
But, d—n it, we must brush.  
And tho' no coming steps are heard,  
Yet bolt, at once, must be the word,  
We fly then—Hush! hush! hush!  
Hush! hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!

*[Exeunt all but Coachman, who is following.]*

*Enter FAG, looking after him.*

DUET—FAG and COACHMAN.

*Fag.* What, Thomas; sure 'tis he! what Tom.

*Coachman.* Odd's life, Fag, give's your hand,

My master's come, you know where from—

In haste—

*Fag.* I understand.

His son, my master too, is here,

As Ensign Beverly;

But, there he is—

[*Pointing.*]

*Coach.* I see him clear.

*Fag.* Good bye,

*Coach.* Good bye,

*Fag.* Good bye.

*Fag.* Hark'e, Thomas, my master is in love with a very singular lady; a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

*Coach.* That is an odd taste, indeed; is she rich, hey?

*Fag.* Rich! Why I believe she owns half the stocks. Zounds, Thomas! she could pay off the national debt as easy as I could pay my washer-woman.

*Coach.* There's the captain [*Pointing*]. Is that the lady with him?

*Fag.* No, that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid.

*Coach.* Well, Mr. Fag.

*Fag.* Good bye, Thomas.

*Coach.* Good bye.

[*Exeunt.*]

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE'S LODGINGS.

JACK ABSOLUTE and Sir ANTHONY.

Tune—"Poll of Horseley Down."

*Sir Anthony.* Between ourselves, Jack, you must wed.

*Jack Absolute.* But tell we, Sir, who to?



*Sir A.* About it don't concern your head;

You dog, what's that to you?

*Jack A.* Then I must plainly tell you, I

Can't please you—

*Sir A.* How! good lack.

Then, d—n me (tho' it makes me cry),

If e'er I call you Jack.

Tol de dol, liddle lol.

*Jack A.* Perhaps you'd have me wed a dame

As ugly as a witch.

*Sir A.* No matter ugly, old, or lame,

So long as she is rich.

Though with two humps, she has but one eye,

I'll make you do your duty;

Ogle by day, and sonnets try

All night upon her beauty.

Tol de dol, &c.

*Sir Anthony.* None of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

*Jack A.* Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir A.* 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

*Jack A.* Nay, Sir, upon my word—

*Sir A.* So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog; you play upon the meekness of my disposition; yet take care, the patience of a saint may be overcome at last. But, mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing

on earth that I choose, why, confound you, I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light, with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own. I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five and three pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you, and, d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again. 'Sdeath! I'll take your commission for myself, and go and join the gallant train under the Marquis of Wellington, who are now so nobly fighting in Spain the battles of their country, and of the civilized world, and whose heroic exploits in the fields of Salamanca I have within the last few hours endeavoured to describe. Yes, rascal! and more than that, I'll sing what I have been writing for vexation, to annoy you, as I know your want of taste is such, that it will be as great a nuisance to you as the song on the same subject, in "The Privateer," has proved to the peaceable and well-disposed people in the Strand.

SONG—Sir ANTHONY.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

JULY the Twenty-second, on  
That was the glorious day  
When Marmont and Lord Wellington  
Met for to have a fray.

In vain the French wish'd for a truce,  
For, sad and strange to tell,  
Our cannons rattled like the deuce,  
Our muskets roar'd like —.

At first, the foe tried to surround  
Our soldiers, man and horse,  
But forc'd directly to give ground,  
Who stood, fell down a corse.

Now up the heights our soldiers run,

And break the Gallic ranks,

And many a Gallic mother's son

*Ran off without his shanks.*

Our shells take off great Marmont's paw,

And he, though not much charm'd

To find he can't give England law,

Feels all his rage *dis-arm'd*.

Loud shouts of triumph rend the air,

France flies and England's sons pursue,

While Clauzel strives in wild despair

The hopeless contest to renew.

But all in vain, forc'd to retreat,

With loss and dreadful slaughter,

They seek—a proof how they were beat,

They seek *to gain the water*.

Their Eagles *fly* with matchless speed,

O'er Douro, and by luck,

In time of danger and of need,

Each swims just like *a duck*.

But from their owners some get loose;

And, struck with this disgrace,

Poor Marmont *wild*, look'd like a goose,

So we'd a *wild-goose chase*.

And though their Eagles in the stream

Could feel no fear of drowning,

Yet still they fell, as it should seem,

From *flying high* to *Down-ing*\*.

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\* This very elegant allusion to the bringing of the Eagles to Downing Street, is too strikingly beautiful to be read by the most indifferent reader without emotion.



There, rascal! take that for your disobedience; and if you do not do as I wish you within the time I have mentioned, I'll come and sing it again in the afternoon.

[Exit in a rage, followed by Jack Absolute.

SCENE—JULIA'S DRESSING-ROOM.

JULIA discovered in a pensive Attitude.

Julia. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? Oh, Faulkland! how many unhappy moments, how many tears have you cost me! 'Tis now past the time at which he promised to be here! What can detain him? Good Heavens!—he is still absent.

SONG—AH! OH, OH! AH!

Tune—"Robin Adair."

Where can my Faulkland stay?

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

What keeps him still away?

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

Why don't he come again?

Does he stay for the rain?

Oh! I fear something worse.

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

Still must I heave the sigh.

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

Yet, yet, he comes not nigh.

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

Can he be with a punk?

Or has my love got drunk?

Oh! I fear something worse.

Ah! Oh, Oh! Ah!

*Enter FAULKLAND, cautiously.*

*Julia.* What means this?

*Faulk.* Alas! Julia, you see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not! the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate: an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.

*Julia.* My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian. I now intrust my person to your honour: we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled; and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

*Faulk.* Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition.

*Julia.* Has no such disaster happened as you related?

*Faulk.* I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

*Julia.* Hold, Faulkland—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sin-

cerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that ; but that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express !

DUET.

Tune—" *The Punchy Parson waddles from his Bed.*"

*Julia.* Adieu then, Faulkland, I am off.

*Faulk.* Oh, stay, my love, and ease my woe.

*Julia.* If I relent you will but scoff,

So you may to the devil go.

Adieu, adieu, I must be hopping,

I can no longer think of stopping.

*Faulk.* Adieu, my dearest Julia.

*Both.* Adieu, adieu, &c.

*Faulk.* Adieu ; and should your thoughts e'er stray  
To *Faulkland* when he's far away.

*Julia.* Oh then your *Julia* will believe  
You will not murder, no, nor thief.

Adieu, I cannot think of stopping.

*Faulk.* Then, damme, I must be for hopping.

Adieu, my cruel Julia.

*Both.* Adieu, adieu, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

PEDDLING POLITICIANS;

OR,

RAMBLES FOR POPULARITY.

AT this dull season of the year, when there is nothing stirring in town, people who are *fond of being busy* must take a ramble into the country either for pleasure or interest. Happy the man who can unite the two ; mingle



the *utile et dulce*; gather gold and laurels; and make delight profitable, as he is sure to make profit delightful. We have heard of only a few persons who have this season been pre-eminently successful in this way. SENIOR POLITO on a tour with his monkeys; Major CARTWRIGHT on a tour by himself; the renowned SAUNDERS exhibiting his mountebanks, and Mr. BROUGHAM exhibiting his own delectable person. While POLITO and SAUNDERS have confined their excursions to the fairs in the vicinity of the metropolis, the other rival SHOWMEN have taken a wider range, and played off their *Spectacles* in the principal towns of the North and West of England. Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, &c. have severally witnessed their *slight of tongue tricks*, and been benefited by the full display of their powers of conjuration. The gallant Major has been peculiarly fortunate in the personation of *Grizzle*, in the *School for Reform*, having introduced that character from *Tom Thumb*, for the purpose of affording a perfect opportunity for the exhibition of his *unrivalled* talents. So delighted with him were the cutlers of Sheffield, that, besides giving the poor devil a dinner, they presented him with a case of razors to *shave his head*, while at Manchester they wove his likeness, as Pontius Pilate, into the tapestry now manufacturing at that place, to *hang* the new Political Club—room. At Birmingham, however, they gave him nothing, either from being naturally *hard* as their *ware*, or from being led to a different view of national questions, from the information afforded them by the very loyal and excellent Journal published there\*. The ostensible object of the *Old Gen-*

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\* The *Commercial Herald*, a patriotic and well-conducted provincial paper; eminently calculated to counteract the ill effects of the doctrines so industriously propagated by newspapers of another description!

*tleman's* \* tour was to *prattle* about Parliamentary Reform, and pick up a few meals; but, under the rose, he had several other irons in the fire. *Imprimis*, he had to hawk his pamphlets, which being but ponderous stuff, as noticed in our last number, would not sell, and were a dead loss on the hands of his booksellers, as well as on the heads and hearts of the public. *Secondly*, he had to pick up a little money in various ways, as subscriptions for numerous patriotic undertakings, and relief for sundry suffering martyrs in the grand cause. And *thirdly*, he had to enlist recruits, to lend a hand to the glorious lever employed in raising *two heavy Clubs*, which, so soon as they can be elevated, it is humbly hoped will in their fall, with the weight of Vulcan's hammer, knock down and demolish the British Constitution! In these three undertakings he met with rather indifferent success. Nobody would buy the books—nobody had money to spare for patriotic speculations, or in charity to the victims of oppressive justice; and with regard to the Clubs, their character had been so blown upon, that even the blind and furious partizans of the faction were not to be duped into their magic circle. The bold Major therefore was only fed and taught!!!

But by far the greatest novelty of the year was the illustrious opposition BROOM, which, in the hands of the Hercules Talents, is to sweep and cleanse the Augean Stable of Corruption. His mumming was infinitely more taking than the Major's mumping. He performed principally on the top of *tables* in taverns, where, the whole audience

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\* As the term *Old Gentleman* is often applied to his Satannic Majesty, by those who do not wish to speak harshly even of the Devil, it may perhaps be necessary to apologise for using it in speaking of the bold Major; although his journey, like a celebrated one recorded by Milton, seems to have had for its object to lay an earthly paradise in ruins.

being of one way of thinking, there was no danger of his having the *tables turned* upon him. Recitations, and an old species of entertainment revived, entitled "*Lies*," were his chief excellences, and the evening's amusements were generally, for the sake of harmony, interspersed with songs and toasts. As the critics in the country are neither so acute, or so minute in their descriptions and observations, as they are in London, we lament that we could not collect from the provincial press an accurate and perfect report of these entertainments. A few of the most prominent features only have reached us. In one of his Recitations, called "*Parts of Speech*," we understand the honourable performer, after recounting how that oration had been so impressive, as

The applause of listening Senates to command,

stated, that he and his audience had obtained a victory over Government. Now we do not deny, but that this is at all times, and upon all occasions, a grand and triumphant exploit, the achievement of which to a party does demand a little crowing and celebration; but we think it came with an ill grace from this performer, who, on the occasion alluded to, *distinctly disclaimed any idea of victory, and complimented the Government on the victory they had gained over themselves!* This trifling inconsistency, however, only shows how natural it is for man to grow in his own good opinion; and besides, as Mr. Roscoe hinted, there is this excuse to be offered for these departures from the real into the ideal, that whereas the former was said "in a moment of seriousness," the latter "in a season of conviviality;"—all tipsy enough, by the time the performer recited this part, we can have no doubt.



Before proceeding to notice one remarkable portion of this Recitation, which goes under the head of the Old Entertainments revived, we may be permitted to record a very fine and metaphysical passage, which must have had great effect on the company. It is as follows:

“If my life should be protracted beyond the ordinary period of human existence, the recollection of this *unexampled* honour shall be the last feeling of my heart, even if I should survive all other recollections.”

Few of our readers but will think this as bold a pledge, and as difficult an undertaking, as ever grateful patriot committed himself to, over his cups, in the midst of his friends. After all his other recollections are gone, this conjuror is determined that he will not forget to remember the unexampled honour of having his health drunk by two hundred and fifty partizans in Liverpool, in common with the *Honourable* Mr. Creevey!!!

We now come to the concluding point of this speech, in which, alluding to the battle of *Salamanca*, the performer says—

“I rejoice the more in that victory, because of all the battles we have yet gained in the Peninsula, it is the only one which is **CLEARLY INDISPUTABLE!!!**”

Whether or not to class this among the Lies (or call them assertions, or compliments) of a drinking party, getting forgetful of past events, we are at a loss to determine; as perhaps it may be contended, that indeed there has not been a victory *gained* by British valour on the Peninsula which the party, whose business is to detract from British fame, and transfer the wreath of glory to her foes, have not disputed. Yet we do remember, that on the 21st of August, 1808, Gen. Junot was most unquestionably defeated by Lord Wellington at *VIMIERA*—that Soult was as indisputably defeated, on the 16th of January, 1809, by

the gallant Sir John Moore, at CORUNNA, "a sad yet glorious day"—that General Massena was as indisputably defeated by Lord Wellington, on the 27th of Sept. 1810, at BUSACO—that Victor was as indisputably defeated by Sir Thomas Graham, on the 5th of March, 1811, at BARROSA. We have abstained from the mention of Talavera and Albuera, not because we think these victories can *in justice* be disputed, but, because there were attendant circumstances which afforded our patriots the wished-for opportunity of denying the claims of the conquerors. Neither have we alluded to the numerous minor actions—Benevente, Usagre, Fuente d'Onore, Almaraz, &c. &c. &c. &c. in which the most splendid renown has attached itself to the British arms. But we have given instances enough to display the disposition and turn of mind which actuated the company met together in honour of Mr. Brougham. Would to Heaven they would extend their beneficence, and think a little of what is due to the honour of their country!

And this is the species of popularity after which the accomplished Mr. Brougham has been hunting in his peddling excursion. From whom indeed but from men who could applaud an assertion like that we have referred to could he expect the breath of flattery—the homage of a tavern treat? Those alone, who will endeavour to blast the legitimate laurels of a Wellington, are fit to deck with their bastard branches the brows of a Brougham.

But enough of this subject. The poor gentleman, in common with Cartwright, and Polito and Saunders, has enjoyed his exhibition. Potent necromancer as he is, we hear the LANCASHIRE *Witches* have no opinion of him; though one of the most sprightly of them informed us, that he seemed to be a very fit instrument for a witch—being a *perfect Broom-stick!*

A LAP-LANDER!

RICHMOND THEATRICALS;

OR,

LUDICROUS TRAGEDIES.

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IN our last number we took some notice of the melancholy accident which had happened to the renowned Romeo Coates, or, as he is facetiously called, "*the fashionable Amateur*," and informed our readers of the serious injury which the pavement in Pall Mall had sustained, in consequence of having been partially hammered by the head of this hobby-horsical gentleman. From this contact between *Head* and *Pavé* we are sorry to say the latter has not yet recovered, and the street remains, from the concussion, in a state of as much disorder as if the Waterwork Companies had attacked it; so much so, indeed, that an inhabitant of Buenos Ayres, lately arrived in London, who, in South America, had heard something of the French threats of invasion, and of Buonaparte's promise to his soldiers to lead them to the Bank of England, observing its dilapidated state, in common with most of the other streets of the metropolis, imagined they had been cut up by way of fortification, and very innocently complimented an English merchant on the ingenuity of our engineers, in taking such formidable precautions against the advance and action of the invader's cavalry!!!

But though the *Mall* has not recovered from the effects of the *hammer*, it is some consolation to know that the fashionable amateur is *quite as sound* as he was before the collision. As a proof of this fact, we have to state, that, in the course of the month of September, he has *performed* at the Richmond Theatre the parts of Lo-



THARIO, in the *Fair Penitent*; and ROMEO, in the *tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*. Of the former, we find the following account in a morning paper (the *Herald*), for which account we shall take the liberty of accounting.

“ MR. COATES !

“ The Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent* was performed at the Theatre Royal, Richmond, last night, when that fashionable amateur, Mr. Coates, appeared in the lady-killing character of the gay, the gallant *Lothario* ! and there never was so brilliant an assemblage ever seen within the walls of this Theatre, since its first establishment.

Since the days of the immortal Garrick, we believe, that no gentleman was ever so honoured in this character as Mr. Coates was. Belles of all quality ran in crowds to behold him triumph over the love-lorn *Calista*. We thought we saw groupings of cupids hovering over the Pit, and clapping their aerial wings in ecstasy ; for never was the Pit of a Theatre more resplendently occupied by the daughters of Beauty ; and, while the princely and noble critics applauded with their hands, many an elegant fan was fractured by the ladies, in the amiable zeal of their approval. After such an unequivocal triumph, Mr. Coates may smile in security at his puny opponents.

“ Not Envy's self can blast the fame,  
Which Beauty deigns to crown.”

In managing his interview with *Horatio*, in the second act, he drew forth repeated instances of applause. Mr. Coates delivered a dissertation on Hobby-horses, between the Play and Farce, with considerable effect.

As there are those who may be inclined to treat Mr. Coates with too little ceremony for this exertion, it may not be inexpedient to inform them, that he consented to put on the buskins of *Lothario*, a second time, at the desire of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, expressed through the medium of Lord Arthur Hill ; and that the spirit of those who requested, and of him who complied, was governed by a wish

to serve a worthy man in some embarrassment; and we should be happy if every man of fortune could produce so noble an excuse for being occasionally eccentric.

*Neque semper arcum Tendit Apollo.*

Some intimations of a row being manifested, Mr. John Lavender, the officer, attended, at the solicitation of Lord Shaftesbury, Colonel Smith, and some officers of the 10th dragoons; but the malcontents were too inconsiderable to be noticed.

As the Boxes were found insufficient to contain the immense number of the *Beau Monde* who applied for places, the Pit was thrown open.

Mr. Beverley, the manager, was solicited to let the whole Gallery at Box prices also, but he resisted that idea, under an apprehension of invading the privileges of the public."

This specimen of *villanous puffing* is supposed to be written by the famous ANTHONY PASQUIN, who, having heard that the *fashionable amateur* was a person of some fortune (as vain as a peacock, and as sensible as a bird of another name, of the family of the *Anserini*), whose weak side was accessible by flattery on his dramatic excellence, which no critic of common sense or honesty would or could praise, very prudently resolved to take the adulatory side, and laud to the skies *the goose with the golden egg*. In pursuance of this determination, he *hath* procured an introduction to the stage-struck hero, and finding him not belied by report, exceedingly parsimonious in other respects, but profuse in folly, and, with respect to theatricals, precisely

———that tool

Which knaves do work with, call'd a fool,

he *hath played off* the said amateur most egregiously. Among other of these exploits, the ludicrous Richmond

tragedies are not the least amusing. On the *Penitent* night, we are told by the *classic* Anthony, that "there *never* was so brilliant an assemblage *ever* seen;" but this, it must be remembered, was seen by the eyes of the same *sage* person, who "*thought he saw* groupes of Cupids hovering over the Pit, and *clapping their aerial wings in ecstasy. !!!*" Oh Lord! oh Lord! "Tom W——ms, or Tom Fool!"—This aerial clapping was the *loudest* heard in the Theatre.

But, "as there are those who may be inclined to treat Mr. Coates with *too little ceremony*," we are further informed, that his exertions in putting on the buskins of Lothario were to gratify the Duke of Clarence, himself a good and *experienced* judge of theatrical performers, but rather more in the *comic* than *tragic* way, and for the sake of serving a worthy man in some embarrassment. Thrice blessed CHARITY! In thy cause, even CUNNING persuading VANITY to enact FOLLY to entertain IDLENESS is irresistible. Perhaps it would have been satisfactory to enable the public to decide as to the merits of the object, that the name of this "worthy man" should have been stated. Could not Mr. Beverley, the manager, inform us? Or is he himself the worthy man? Ah! Mr. Critic and Mr. Manager—cunning little Isaacs—you act well together—*par nobile fratrum*.—Pasquin the *double* of Beverley, and Beverley the *double* of Pasquin; and *le pauvre, miserable*, "*Lady-killing Lothario*," the ladder wherewithal these mounting Bolingbrokes mount to the cash!

As our country readers may not have had an opportunity of seeing this lady-killing youth, either on the stage or on his curricule, it may not be amiss to inform them, that he is a lovely Adonis, apparently about the manly age of forty. His features are admirably regular and interesting, and there is a fine roll in one of his eyes,



which, as it shines like the sun, while thus apparently revolving on its own axis, strikes the beholder with brilliancy and wonder, and reminds him of a variegated wheel among the fire-works of Vauxhall. A fine olive-brown has banished the native roses and lilies from his countenance, and seems to mock the puny smock-faced loungers of London, while it tends, by contrast, to give additional lustre to his *beamy eye*. His figure is tall and graceful—a perfect Apollo Belvidere, were it not that his mental exertions, and deep and incessant *studies*, have given it *an air of thinness* approaching to Quixotic. This, however, rather increases than detracts from the general amiability of his appearance; and the *tout ensemble* is such, that Nature might clap her *aerial wings*, and, laying her hand upon his invincible head, say—

THIS IS A MAN;  
and, however sceptical we are upon this *head*, we must confess that we should think such authority unquestionable.

But be that as it may, the manager's lady (who is by the way a pretty woman) was either so pleased, or so frightened, by Lothario, that she was taken suddenly *Calista-ish*, and produced on the very night a young actor. Pasquin, in his eulogy, has not mentioned this circumstance, and yet candour ought to have forced it from him, seeing there are but few regular performers capable of producing such *an effect* as was thus produced by the fashionable amateur. Having caused this *lively catastrophe* by his *inimitable* appearance and acting, nothing remains for the "gallant, gay Lothario," but to play the part of one of the godfathers—Anthony playing the other. The infant may receive the name of **LOTHARIO PASQUIN, AUGUSTUS, MUG ROMEO, COATES, BEVERLEY**, which is a passably sounding and comprehen-

sive appellation. Born under such circumstances, christened under such auspices, fostered by such sponsors, there cannot be a doubt but this fortunate baby must become the greatest player that every played since the days of Roscius.

But we have said too much on this silly subject; and we do confess, that fatuity ought not to be so severely dealt with. *Knavery* and *puffery*, however, should not escape the lash of the *Satirist*; and the very last passage of this *Pasquinade*, were there no other demerits, demands an exposure. "Mr. Beverley (we are told), Mr. Beverley, the manager (he has managed tolerably well), was solicited (by whom?) to let the whole gallery at box prices also, but he (generous, as well as 'worthy man') resisted that *idea* (it was an *ideal* solicitation), under an apprehension of invading the privileges of the public." Kind, considerate souls! what a pity all this should be a —.

RUSE DE THEATRE,

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### SERMONS FOR SALE.

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MR. SATIRIST,

September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1812,

I BEG leave to rescue the following choice *morçeau* from the perishable columns of a newspaper, by placing it in your more standard volumes. I am unwilling to believe that the writer of it has any worse intentions than to pocket a little money at the expense of some illiterate or indolent clergyman, if such can be found; but as advertisements are usually and in general

very justly reckoned among the characteristic features of the times, I could not convey this very singular one to you without a few remarks, that may serve as a protest against the position which the ingenious and *modest* writer wishes to establish, namely, that our pulpits are supplied from such manufactories.

"Superior MS. Sermons. This day were published, price Sixty Shillings, done up separately for the pulpit, Sixty Original Manuscript Sermons, adapted for every Sunday in the Year, and for the principal Holidays and extraordinary Occasions. Printed in a new script type, cast on purpose, in exact imitation of manuscript. *By a Dignitary of the Church of England.* These original Sermons are respectfully submitted to the Clergy, as superior modern compositions, better adapted to their avowed object than any previous attempts of the same kind. The author has himself preached every one of them, and he can therefore speak to their suitable length and effect: he can also boast of the sanction which they have received from very distinguished ornaments of the Church. Printed for, and Sold by, all Booksealers in Town and Country.

"N. B. Clergymen, who may not choose to purchase the entire set, till they have examined a few, may be accommodated with a score, indifferently selected, for a one pound note, which may, if agreeable, be addressed to the publisher by the Post."

Now, Sir, although I do not send you this as a novelty, for your readers must have seen more than one instance of the kind, I hope you will allow with me, that the present writer advances recommendations of no common kind in favour of his Sermons.

In the first place you will observe, that they are not only adapted for all Sundays and Holidays, but even for "extraordinary occasions;" and if there be ingenuity in



preparing Sermons for occasions that have taken place, surely he deserves great credit for a mode of adapting Sermons to such as are extraordinary, and cannot be foreseen. Whether this is by any ingenious mode of transposing the words, so that a Fast Sermon may be turned into a Thanksgiving, or a Farewell into a Funeral discourse, I am not able to say. Doubtless such a discovery would be of great importance; and a divine, upon any sudden emergency, might send his old Sermons, as men of fashion do their old plate, to be recast in another form; or as the ingenious Mr. Merlin used to manufacture his furniture, a single article of which was a breakfast-table in the morning, a writing-desk at noon, a music-stand in the evening, and a *great conveniency* at night.

But secondly, the author of this advertisement assures us, they they are “superior modern compositions, better adapted to their avowed object than any previous attempts of the same kind.” This is a striking proof of his modesty. It would not, to be sure, look well if a Clergyman were to say, “I *preach* superior modern compositions;” but when he comes to extend his influence by being *proxy-preacher* in every Church and Chapel, which is no doubt his wish, he does right to exchange the humility of the pulpit for the puff of the shop; and, in this view of the matter, I should not blame him, if he stood at the door, like the brokers in Moorfields, accosting every black-coated passenger with—“Walk in, Sir; please to walk in, Sir; some choice Sermons, Sir!” He adds likewise, very much in the spirit of trade, that they are “much better adapted to their *avowed object* than any previous attempts.” The avowed object, I humbly conceive, is the *sale* of them; but how far they are adapted to that, time only can show. It is, however, a very good object for him to keep in his eye, in case any of his customers should complain of his articles,

We all know a story of the Jew pedlar, who, being reproached that his razor would not *shave*, very shrewdly answered, "that he made razors to *sell* and not to shave."

But the greatest of all possible recommendations is yet to be considered, and in this I cannot help thinking the advertiser has much the advantage of *other* manufacturers. *They* are so far from making trial of the goods they sell, that they would think it an affront to suppose them capable of violating the virgin purity of a piece of Irish, a dozen of spoons, or a chest of drawers; and there is nothing they dread so much, as the shocking imputation of *second-hand*, even if it be qualified with the saving clause of "as good as new." Not so our reverend and pains-taking advertiser; for he informs us, that "he has preached every one of them."—And what then? you will say. Why then, "he can *therefore* speak to their suitable *length* and *effect*." Now, Mr. Satirist, I cannot enough praise the ingenuity of a clergyman, who, by *preaching* only, is enabled to judge both of *length* and *effect*. The *length*, I should have been for leaving to the clock; but the *effect* is quite another thing, and what many clergymen of my acquaintance, who have preached twenty or thirty years, have very seldom been able to ascertain with precision. How must they be jealous of this learned brother, who, quitting the broker for the taylor, has taken such exact measure of his congregation as to fit them to a hair, and is now about to teach others how to estimate *length* and *effect*; in other words, how to work by the *time* or the *piece*. Can we wonder at the consequence of this ingenious discovery? or can we blame him that he boasts (not a very Christian grace that *same boasting*) "of the sanction which they have received from very distinguished ornaments of the Church?"

I have only to add, that, besides the "length and effect" of these ready-made Sermons, we have to consider the

*cheapness*, and we shall then be convinced that the manufacturer's liberality is equal to his ingenuity. He offers a *score* of them for a pound note (I wish he had said *twenty*: *score* is too much applied to sheep and ewes;—but let that pass): a *score* of Sermons for a pound note is certainly a wide departure from the extravagant rates at which other manufacturers value their goods, and nothing but an extensive sale can recompense the ingenious inventor.

Yet, Sir, after all the encomiums which my feeble pen has been able to pay to this benevolent advertiser, I wish he had adopted a more private way of conveying his liberality among us poor curates. I am afraid that if it be discovered that our Sermons are worth only a Shilling, our Rectors will next find out, that the preacher is not worth eighteen pence; and will be for establishing one kind of salary for those who *make* Sermons, and another for those who buy them *ready made*. I do not, however, blame the present manufacturer in this case: I have no doubt he charges the full value, but yet a *Shilling a head* has a degrading sound; and I have some scruples, of pretty ancient standing, against this mode of supplying pulpits by *wholesale* and *retail*.

I shall now dread, when I leave the Church, lest any one should ask me, "You preached a very good Sermon, where did you buy it?" And perhaps another rude parishioner will twist me with—"Well, Master Parson, you gave us but a short *Shilling's-worth* to-day; I think your subject would have borne *t'other Six-pen'-orth*." No, Sir, these are indignities to which I will never submit; and, as I have written all these remarks in my room this morning, I send them to you as the proper judge of their *length* and *effect*.

Yours, &c.

R. S.



## THE SCOTTISH SEER.

1.

FAR in the night, the hoary chieftain cast  
 Historic ken of his unfaded eye;  
 Told of the eastern and the western blast,  
 Of lights clear trembling in the northern sky;  
 Of orbs with locks of radiance flaming high,  
 The symbol plow and hieroglyphic wain,  
 The evening star that peers, a heavenly spy,  
 O'er shepherd while enfolding of his train,  
 With each new waken'd light in evening's solemn reign.

2.

Then would he lingering on his path explain  
 How from the ethereal skirts of dying day,  
 To quote to-morrow's sunshine, storm, or rain,  
 Or when Aurora glanc'd through silver gray,  
 To read her passage up the eastern way,  
 And from the golden crescent of the moon,  
 Know what the corn in green-shot blade would slay,  
 Or from the darkling prodigies at noon  
 Tell when ambition's shoots the Almighty meant to  
 prune.

3.

The reverend chieftain kindled at the sight,  
 And shook his locks like Spring's remaining snow;  
 And from the aspect of the colouring night  
 Divin'd what none save those inspired know,  
 Of blood-shod war a sad disastrous flow;  
 And gaz'd, as waking from a troubled dream,  
 On fiery squadrons tilting to and fro,  
 And blazing comets red portentous beam,  
 That famin'd heaven's field, and set the world aleam.

THE SCOTTISH SEER.  
 The livid terror, perish'd in the glow  
 Of sprightly pleasance sparkling on his cheek,  
 He heaven-ward turn'd his clear unmated brow,  
 His heart big heaving hindering him to speak;  
 He saw, in vision, Scotland's cottage reek  
 O'ercurd in peace steeds smoking in the plow,  
 Up to her mountain's heaven-related peak,  
 And harvests waving richness grandly flow  
 O'er Cheviot's sunny top, and Pentland's clefts of snow.

5.  
 And all around her he beheld array'd,  
 Nations o'er nations in tumultuous jar,  
 Harness war-steed, and whet the battle blade,  
 And issue on the cannon from the car,  
 With flaunting flags of conflict waving far,  
 And all the world one blaze of furnace flames,  
 Keen fabricating arms for Scottish war;  
 Where laughing hind his steed for tillage tames,  
 And cheerful plies the plow in land of lovesome dames.

6.  
 It was, I ween, a sad appalling sight  
 For eye that ventured into future time,  
 To mark bright nations darkening into night,  
 And others starting from barbaric clime,  
 Lifting their foreheads o'er the world sublime  
 A little while—then dropping to decay,  
 And others from their warlike ashes climb—  
 The sorrowing chieftain shook his ringlets gray,  
 And, leaning on his staff, he homeward took his way.

HIDALGAN.

# THE MOON.



*(To be continued Monthly.)*

WE offer no apology for inserting, under the Moon, a Scotch Song, to a well known and sweet Air, for our Fair Readers.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

O, BLYTH an' heartsome was the time  
When life was in its May;  
An' blissfu' were the joys o' youth,  
That now are fled for aye:  
Their mem'ry still delights the heart,  
An' oft employs the min';  
An' fancy loves to wander back  
To Auld lang syne;  
To Auld lang syne sae dear,  
To Auld lang syne;  
An' oft renew the sweet review  
Of Auld lang syne.

Our infant play an' early joys,  
When joy to life was new,  
The merry sports o' schoolboy days,  
As on to strength we grew,



An' happy hours o' youthfu' love,  
Together a' combine  
To fill the heart wi' fond regard  
For Auld lang syne ;  
For Auld lang syne sae dear,  
For Auld lang syne ;  
The heart wou'd fain hae back again  
Our Auld lang syne:

Wi' fond regard we think on a'  
Our parents' tender care,  
An' friends an' young companions dear,  
That we can meet nae mair ;  
The bands of early friendship still  
Around the heart intwine ;  
An' mem'ry with a sigh looks back  
On Auld lang syne ;  
On Auld lang syne sae dear,  
On Auld lang syne ;  
The heart will feel, the tear will steal,  
For Auld lang syne.

A better warl than this will come,  
Where, free frae care an' pain,  
We'll live a life o' love an' truth,  
An' ne'er grow auld again :  
But O! this warl itsel' wou'd be  
A paradise divine,  
If youth wou'd last, an' a' its joys,  
Like Auld lang syne ;  
Like Auld lang syne sae dear,  
Like Auld lang syne ;  
Youth ever fair an' free frae care,  
Like Auld lang syne,

J. H.

*On the ADDITION to the MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON'S  
COAT OF ARMS.*

THREE Crosses to his Arms brave Wellington has got,  
In one proud *quarter* blazon'd fair, in honour of his  
fame:  
Oh, in no other *quarter* may it ever be his lot  
A single cross *t'* his Arms to have, to sully his great  
name,

---

*On the reported DEATH of BUONAPARTE, 7th Sept.*

God grant it true, his final doom  
At length has been Napoleon's chance!  
That he who made a King for Rome  
May make room for a King—of FRANCE.

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*On the Marriage of Mr. MERRY and Miss WISE.*

To be merry and wise is an axiom true,  
That will carry you cheerfully all the world through;  
But 'tis no easy matter the means to devise,  
To be at once properly merry and wise:  
Thus Miss, who was Wise for a long twenty years,  
Is no longer Wise, now she Merry appears,  
And Merry's but Merry in name, he's so sad,  
That since he got Wise, he declares he's got mad.

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**FRENCH AXIOM.**

Anger begins in folly, and ends in repentance.

## DESCRIPTIVE ACCURACY.

**AN** Irishman was giving an account of the room in which he slept—"You go up stairs, and up stairs, and up stairs, and then a little way in, and up stairs, again."—"What, I suppose, you slept in the garret!" said the person to whom he addressed himself.—"I don't know what you call the garret, Honey! but if the house were to be turned upside down, you'd certainly find me in the cellar!!"

## FREE CHOICE.

**MONSIEUR** Chardon was a French teacher at Oxford. Being asked how he liked teaching French, his answer was—"Sar, if Monsieur Got A'mighty say to me, Monsieur Chardon, which you rader do, teach French or go to hell? I say to him, Monsieur Got A'mighty, I mush oblige for de choose; if you please, I vill go to hell!"

## ANECDOTE OF MR. FOX.

**THE** late Mr. Fox owed a tradesman a considerable sum of money, for which he had been applied to in vain. This tradesman had a friend who was a servant in Fox's family, and who gave him notice one day that his master was flush of cash, having been successful at the hazard-table on the preceding night. He took the hint, and waited on the orator in person, for payment of a note of hand which had been given for the debt, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Sir, I really can't pay it."



"I hope you will, Mr. Fox, as I happen to know you have just now plenty of money."

"That's true; but I have so many debts of honour to discharge in the first instance, that you must wait."

"Well then, Mr. Fox (putting the note in the fire), mine is now a debt of honour!"

The money was directly paid.

### MAGDALENS.

A FRENCH Bishop preaching, exclaimed, "A Magdalen present! she is looking at me. I will not mention her name, but I will throw my book at her." He raised his arm as if to throw, and all the women in the church ducked their heads. "What (said he), *All Magdalens?*"

### THE APOTHEOSIS OF SHERIDAN.

*On the Statue of Mr. SHERIDAN in white Marble, to be erected as an Ornament to the New Theatre in Drury Lane.*

WHAT Sculptor can e'er to dull marble impart  
The warmth that enlivens old Sheridan's heart,  
When the wide-gaping bowl, or the goblet divine,  
In punch smokes before him, or sparkles in wine:  
Or cause the cold stone on its front to embrace  
The roseate glories that flame o'er his face?  
Ah, vain the attempt! Throw the marble away,  
And mould his right form in some *well-moisten'd* clay:  
And let it be British, for true to the core,  
Your *plaster of Paris* does *SHERRY* abhor.  
Then plac'd in the lobby, on pedestal high,  
The fair, circling round him, appearing to eye,

While the gay at his shine offer up their noyau,  
 Or cause cherry-bounce in libations to flow—  
 Amid brandy and beauty, and drinking and love,  
 He will look a divinity come from above;  
 Immortal beyond demi-deified man,  
 Of topers the Bacchus, of nymphs the god Pan;  
 Dionysian festivals shall be restor'd,  
 And with rites Lupercalian, SHERRY ador'd!!!

PRATT.

### A PITCHER DAY.

On every occasion when the Park Guns are fired there is a grand effusion of wine at St. James's. A pipe of wine is instantly tapped, and every officer of the Household is entitled to fill his *Pitcher*, according to immemorial usage.

When the victory of SALAMANCA was celebrated in this way, the chief officer of the Palace recited the following stanzas, in a singing tone, with great applause:

WE Household folks with wine in store,  
 And few in Bacchus' floods are richer;

When good news come, 'mid cannons roar,  
 Toast WELLINGTON, our friend, and pitcher.

Our friend so rare, the French to scare,

And make them fly o'er hedge and ditch, Sir,

Here's to his health! Heaven make thy care

Our Wellington, our friend, and pitcher!

Each *Talents'* lad looks sour and sad,

And scratches as he had the itch, Sir;

While we like mad, with hearts full glad,

Toast Wellington, our friend, and pitcher.

Our friend so rare, the French to scare,

And make them fly o'er hedge and ditch, Sir!

A bumper fill—Heaven make thy care  
Our Wellington, our friend, and pitcher !

These pain-ful elves may tuck themselves,  
Or be turn'd off by hangman's twitcher,  
While with cham-paine we cheer our brain,  
For Wellington, our friend, and pitcher.  
Our friend so rare—makes Mounseer stare,  
And scramble over hedge and ditch, Sir.  
Cham-paine for Spain!—Foes run again !  
From Wellington, our friend, and pitcher !!

HANDEL.

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*On the taking of SEVILLE by GEN. CRUZ.*

OF the British at Seville the French were afraid,  
And fled at the news of a *General Cruz-aid* !

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The last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in a eugoly on the Duke of Sussex, for his speech on the Catholic Question, praises His Royal Highness most loudly for his conduct on this occasion, when other princes, who take the other side, "*are so apt to be debauched by the love of popularity !!!*"

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ERRATA.

In our publication for September (page 203), by an oversight, it was stated that Mr. Brougham's purse was much lightened by keeping "a carriage for Mrs. Brougham." It should have been for Mister Brougham, as we do not understand that gentleman to have yet entered into the holy state of matrimony. Ambition is his present mistress, and the carriage, in calling which he makes a considerable fuss and noise when retiring from any of the Courts, is kept for the accommodation of his own sweet person !

In page 244, for "On the defeat of the Russians by Witkenstein"—read, "defeat of the French."

P. 270, for "Foote's" farce, read "O'Keefe's."



## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, *a Romaunt:*  
and other poems. By LORD BYRON. Murray.

OUR predecessors concluded their review of this noble Lord's publication, when yet a "minor" (we mean his "Hours of Idleness"), by observing, that unless he improved wonderfully, he would never be a poet. It is with unaffected satisfaction we find, that he *has* improved wonderfully, and that he *is* a poet. As the Satirist was certainly in a *majority* when it took leave so freely to censure the noble Lord's poetical attempts during his *minority*; so we feel that it would be in a *minority* were we to withhold our applause from that which his *majority* has produced. Indeed, when we consider the comparatively short interval that has elapsed, and contrast the character of his recent with that of his early work, we confess ourselves astonished at the intellectual progress which Lord Byron has made; and are happy to hold him up as another example of the extraordinary effects of study and cultivation, even on minds apparently of the most unpromising description. The morning of Lord Byron's poetical day was chill and lowering: the clouds by which it was overcast have dispersed; and we are cheered with a noon of warmth and splendour.

The poems under our consideration abound with beautiful imagery, clothed in a diction free, forcible, and various. "*Childe Harold*," although avowedly a fragment, contains many passages which would do honour to any poet, of any period, in any country. At the same time we are compelled to remark, that there are others which we must strongly reprobate; and not the less so because it is the thought rather than the expression with which we quarrel. The tone of the whole work is that of melancholy; but we accuse not the noble Lord of servile imitation. It is not often the description of sorrow, demanding sympathy, affected by so many ancient and modern poets. It is too frequently, though not invariably, selfish, misanthropic, unamiable. Lord Byron has contrived also, in other respects, to render some of the best feelings of the human heart hostile to him. But we will proceed to a detailed examination of his performance.

*Childe Harold* is a fictitious character; for the noble Lord in his preface disclaims any intention of painting from a real personage, with an earnestness which would lead one to believe that he was apprehensive it might be suspected he had sat to himself for his own portrait! He is meant to show, "that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures, and disappointment in new ones; and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel, are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected." The *Childe* is introduced to the reader in the following words:

"Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.  
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,  
Save concubines and carnal companie,  
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree."

This fashionable young gentleman, having run the full career of his debaucheries, very naturally feels

———"the fulness of satiety;"

and determines to travel, in order if possible to divest himself of the ennui with which he finds himself possessed :

"His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass earth's central line."

His evening farewell to his native land is eminently beautiful. It was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Walter Scott.

We subjoin the concluding stanza :

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to—  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native land—Good night!"

The gloomy despondency which this verse breathes is well suited to the desolate feeling of the forlorn being by whom they are supposed to be uttered.

On the arrival of Childe Harold in the Tagus, the Portuguese are not a little harshly characterised, as

"Poor paltry slaves! yet born midst noblest scenes."

There is nothing with which we are in general more



dissatisfied in the works of modern authors than their attempts at describing landscape. The pen too frequently usurps the province of the pencil; and a heterogeneous assemblage of objects is presented to the mind of the reader, which even a Turner or a Calcott would fail in the endeavour to compose on his canvass. From this censure Lord Byron happily redeems himself. He is very successful in painting scenery; and with a self-knowledge which authors, and especially noble authors, do not often exhibit, he is very fond of doing that in which he is successful. Among all the passages of this nature with which the poem abounds, we are not aware of one which affords a better specimen of the noble Lord's talents than the stanza in which are summed up the landscape beauties of the neighbourhood of Lisbon:

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

We will not transcribe the sneer which follows at the convention of Cintra. Whatever may be our opinion of that compact, however we may think that

———"policy regain'd what arms had lost,"

we do not see why Lord Byron should have gone out of his way to dwell, and with apparent complacency too, on an event which, at least, *he* conceives to have been disgraceful to his country. We say nothing of the anachronism of adverting in an antiquated dialect, and while relating the adventures of a knight of the days of chivalry, to a circumstance of such recent occurrence.

**The Childe,**

"More restless than the swallow in the skies,"

pursues his way to Spain, and on the frontier we have an energetic passing allusion to the ancient contests between

"The Paynim turban, and the Christian crest,"

on the banks of the "dark Guadiana."

We are now approaching to that which appears to us to be the most objectionable part of the whole poem; nor shall the liveliness of the imagery, or the splendour of the diction, prevent us from treating it with the severity which it deserves. After a sublime personification of "red Battle," who is represented as standing on a mountain,

"His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;"

we meet with the four following stanzas:

"Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;  
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;  
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;  
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!  
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
Are met—as if at home they could not die—  
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

"There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!  
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!  
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,  
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
With human hearts—to what? a dream alone.  
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?  
Or call with truth, one span of earth their own,  
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

" Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!  
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,  
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,  
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!  
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed  
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!  
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,  
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng;  
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song!

" Enough of Battle's minions! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:  
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
In sooth, 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim,  
Who strike blest hirelings! for their country's good,  
And die, that living might have prov'd her shame;  
Perish'd perchance in some domestic feud,  
Or in a narrower sphere, wild Rapine's path pursu'd."

For shame! for shame! my Lord. Are these the sentiments of a Briton—of a man who has the blood of nobility flowing in his veins, and who is evidently not insensible of the distinction? Is it thus that you venture to treat the beloved of their country? Is it thus that you characterise those who have bravely fought and nobly fallen in the cause—not of ambition—but of friendship and liberty? Hitherto the poet's verses have been the crystals of immortality, in which the forms of greatness have been imperishably preserved for the admiration of future ages. Sad humiliation! Devoid of all generous and patriotic enthusiasm, it has been reserved for your Lordship, with apparent delight, to luxuriate in the attempt to degrade every thing that mankind has consented to honour; and to confound, in one sarcastic and indiscriminating condemnation, the slaves of a tyrant, with the free warriors of humanity and independence!

It is with a feeling of satisfaction, we dare call laudably malicious, that we transcribe a prophecy which al-



most immediately follows. The noble Lord condescends to inform us that

———" he, whose nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;  
A little moment deigneth to delay :  
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;  
The West must own the Scourger of the world.  
Ah ! Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning day,  
When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,  
And thou shalt view thy sons, in crowds, to Hades hurl'd."

Plains of Salamanca ! answer !—You have proved that Albion is not

———" the fond ally  
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain."

Reversed has been the presumptuous boast that the British leopards should be driven into the ocean ; and we see "Gaul's vulture," not "soaring," as the noble Lord anticipates, but sent screaming through the sky ; his plumage stained with blood, and one of his pinions broken.

Having taken a few indignant strides across our garret, we return to the calm prosecution of the task which we have prescribed to ourselves.

The maid of Saragoza is thus delightfully introduced :

"Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal black veil,  
Heard her light lively tones in lady's bower,  
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,  
Her fairy form, with more than fairy grace,  
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower  
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,  
Thin the clos'd ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear ;  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host :

Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost ?  
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall ?"

To these last queries we will add one in prose : Who could believe that the writer of such animated lines, and the writer of those which called forth our British resentment, was the same individual ?

But, although we are fervent in our admiration of this Spanish heroine, and although we have had opportunities of witnessing the beauties of "Spain's dark glancing daughters," we cannot allow them a preference over those whom Lord Byron chooses to term

"Remoter females, fam'd for sickening prate."

We cannot reply "no one" to the query,

"Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?"

or "yes" to the assertion,

"How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak !"

Really, my Lord, on the two great points of war and love, we are very much at variance ; although we confess we are not surprised that the man who has attempted to derogate from the glory of British soldiers, is tasteless—at your age we might say, is fearless—enough to endeavour to depreciate the charms of the British fair.

We pass by the abrupt apostrophe to Mount Parnassus, the beauty of which, nevertheless, amply atones for the singularity of the mode in which it is introduced, and arrive at the contrast which the noble Lord has exhibited between the London and the Cadiz Sabbath, and which, we are sorry to say, betrays the continuance of a disposition to think meanly of his native land. We were, however, much amused with two lines which lay the

ladies of Cadiz under great obligations to Lord Byron. His Lordship, with a positiveness which would make one suspect that he had enjoyed what Shakspeare calls "the ocular proof," says,

"Much is the VIRGIN teas'd to shrive them free,  
(Well do I ween the only virgin there,")

The subsequent description of a Spanish bull-fight is so magnificent, and, notwithstanding the triteness of the subject, possesses so much originality, that, large as have been our extracts, we cannot refrain from favouring our readers with the whole of it:

"The lists are op'd, the spacious area clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands pil'd are seated round;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
No vacant space for lated wight is found:  
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclin'd to heal the wound;  
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by love's sad archery,

"Hush'd is the din of tongues—or gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-pois'd lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And, lowly bending, to the lists advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowds loud shout, and ladies lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain, their toils repay,

"In costly sheen, and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before  
The ground, with cautious tread, is travers'd o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed,  
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.



"Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,  
The den expands, and expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's loaded walls.

Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:

Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit

His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

"Sudden he stops—his eye is fix'd—away—  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:

: Now is thy time to perish, or display

The skill that yet may check his mad career!

With well-tim'd croupe the nimble coursers veer;

On foams the bull, but not unscath'd he goes,

Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;

He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;

Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

"Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,

Nor the wild plunging of the tortur'd horse;

Though man and man's avenging arms assail,

Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.

One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse;

Another, hideous sight! unscam'd appears,

His gory chest unveils life's panting source,

Though death-struck, still his feeble frame her ears,

Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

"Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,

Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,

Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,

And foes disabled in the brutal fray:

And now the matadores around him play,

Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;

Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,

Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,

Sheath'd in his form, the deadly weapon lies.

He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:

Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries;

Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is pil'd—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by."

In the beginning of the second Canto we find ourselves  
 at Athens. After lamenting

———"her men of might, her grand in soul,"

the noble author, in imitation of Sterne and his captive,  
 selects a single subject of melancholy contemplation:

"Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :  
 Is that a temple where a god may dwell ?  
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !  
 Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :  
 Yet, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul :  
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,  
 And passion's host that never brook'd controul :  
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist, ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement reft ?"

This is exquisite poetry.

Five subsequent stanzas are occupied with a most violent  
 attack on Lord Elgin—

"Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
 His mind as barren, and his heart as hard,"

for his spoliation of the Parthenon. We do not wish to  
 enter into any controversy on this subject, which is, in-  
 deed, one of difficult determination. If it be a sufficient  
 apology, that the modern Athenians were ignorant of the  
 value of these exquisite relics of Greek art, and that in  
 all probability, before such a revolution in the intellectual  
 world can take place as will render them sensible of it,  
 these precious assurances of the taste of Pericles, and the

genius of Phidias, will crumble into dust, Lord Elgin has certainly that defence to plead. It has been whispered, that the noble Earl was influenced solely by mercenary motives. Satirists as we are by profession, we are most reluctant to give credence to this malicious insinuation.

Childe Harold's voyage along the shores of Greece, a voyage so calculated to excite poetical feeling, is replete with passages of the highest excellence, on which our limits will not permit us to touch. We can assure our readers, that they would be delighted with their perusal. We must, however, hasten to terminate our labours; and we shall therefore content ourselves with making, from this singular production, two further extracts, which contrast each other admirably. The first is an Albinese song, supposed to be sung by one of the palikars, or soldiers.

1.  
"Tambourgi! Tambourgi\*! thy 'larum afar  
Gives hope to the valiant and promise of war;  
All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,  
Chemariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

2.  
"Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?  
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,  
And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.  
"Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive  
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?  
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego?  
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

4.  
"Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;  
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase:



But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before  
The sabre is sheath'd, and the battle is o'er.

5.

"Then the pirates of Parga, who dwell by the waves,  
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,  
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,  
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

"I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy,  
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,  
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

"I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;  
Let her bring from the chamber her many-tou'd lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

"Remember the moment when Previsa fell,  
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conqueror's yell;  
The roofs that we fir'd, and the plunder we shar'd,  
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spar'd.

9.

"I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;  
He neither must know who would serve the vizier;  
Since the days of our prophet the crescent ne'er saw  
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

"Dark Muchtar, his son, to the Danube is sped,  
Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his horse-tail with dread;  
When his Delbis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11.

"Selictar! unsheath then our chief's scimitar:  
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war.  
Ye mountains that see us descend to the shore!  
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more."

Soon after this effusion of ferocious festivity, the poem closes with a few stanzas, which, after a faint expression of scorn, melt into a genuine tenderness, which forms an exception from the general character of our noble author's grief.

"For thee, who thus in too protracted song,  
Has sooth'd thine idlesse with inglorious lays,  
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
Of louder minstrels, in these later days :  
To such resign the strife for fading bays—  
Ill may such contest now the spirit move,  
Which heeds nor keen reproach, nor partial praise ;  
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,  
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

"Thou too art gone, thou lov'd and lovely one!  
Whom youth, and youth's affection bound to me ;  
Who did for me what none beside have done,  
Nor abrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
What is my being? thou hast ceas'd to be!  
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,  
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—  
Would they had never been, or were to come!  
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

"Oh! ever loving, lovely and belov'd!  
How selfish sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far remov'd!  
But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.  
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast ;  
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:  
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief, with grief continuing still to blend,  
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

"Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that peace disdains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and laughter vainly loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirits doubly weak ;  
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique ;  
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,  
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

"What is the worst of woes that wait an age?  
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
 To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,  
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.  
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
 O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd:  
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
 Since time hath left whate'er my soul enjoy'd,  
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd."

Thus ends this fragment, which Lord Byron describes in his preface as merely experimental; and declares that its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the east, through Ionia and Phrygia. Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction which certain passages have excited in our breast, we should be very ungrateful to the noble Lord for the pleasure which upon the whole we have experienced from this commencement, if we did not express our sincere and earnest hope, that he may be induced to bring it to a conclusion; and we are persuaded that this is a sentiment in which the public will most heartily coincide.

In our next number we shall notice the minor poems, many of which are exquisitely tender and beautiful.

*(To be continued.)*



BOXIANA;  
 OR,  
 SKETCHES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN  
 PUGILISM.



WHEN a man has once made up his mind to submit his abilities to the test of public opinion, there is so much



diffidence attached to the first display of his powers, that he is frequently induced to come forward anonymously, or, what is much the same thing, under a fictitious appellation. It is this diffidence, we conceive, that has induced the author of "Boxiana" to conceal his name under that of "One of the Fancy." But however well this method may succeed where the author fails, it rarely happens in a case like the present, where genius is so apparent, that he remains long concealed. Though this writer has disguised himself in a *cloak* as it were in concealing his name, yet his talents, bursting forth like the *rays* emanating from a *dark-lantern*, will eventually discover him, even though he should be muffled up as impenetrably as that arch-traitor *Guy Fawkes!*

For ourselves, we would always be foremost to hail the first light of rising genius; and, wherever we can discover but a few *embers*, or even a single *spark*, we deem it our duty (and happy are we in the discharge of it) to apply the heart-cheering *bellows* of our approbation, and *puff* it till it bursts into a blaze!!!

At the head of the work we find the following *relish* by way of prologue:

"An Englishman will take his part,  
With courage *prime*, and noble heart;  
Either forgive, or resent offence—  
And *bang-up* in his own defence.  
No sword or dagger, nor deadly list—  
And rise and fall, but by his fist!  
The battle's o'er, all made amends  
By shaking hands—becoming friends."

The author then proceeds in the following manner:

"To whom we are indebted for the first principles of Boxing, is completely uncertain; it appearing, that few, if any, of our learned anti-

quarians, by *not* possessing a taste for the Fancy \*, have felt themselves more interested in endeavouring to ascertain the authenticity of an old monument, or ancient coin, than *that* of investigating into the animating traits of pugilism ; darkness of course clouds its origin."

There is much of *native* simplicity and drollery (for we do not think it assumed) in the manner in which the author sets about making his readers understand him. Who would have supposed, from reading the passage just quoted, that he meant to tell us—"That our antiquarians, in consequence of their *not possessing* a taste for *the Fancy*, and finding themselves more interested in ascertaining the authenticity of an old monument, &c. &c. never cared *two pence* about inquiring into the origin of Boxing." And yet this is certainly the author's meaning, that is, if he *has* any meaning, and if not—as Sterne says, why—"there's an end of the matter."

"Whether our first parent, ADAM, had any pretensions to this art, is involved in too great obscurity," he tells us, "at this remote period, for us to penetrate into with any possibility of success. It therefore must remain enveloped; for it would be sheer *gammon* indeed, were we to get our readers *into a string*, by swelling out the half of BOXIANA in striving to prove, from musty records, and mouldy papers, to whom were entitled the honours of being denominated ITS FIRST PROFESSORS. We disdain such subterfuge—firmness is our motto; and upon a *striking* subject like the present we shall decide for ourselves."

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\* The author has given a note on "Fancy," in which *he shows himself off in fine style*. "As many of our readers may not be *flashed* to the above term—a lively instance presents itself in illustrating the phrase beyond all doubt—as the old woman observed when she kissed her cat, that it was "*her fancy*."

Speaking of the pernicious practice of duelling, he says,

"The memorable instances, but a few years since, is that of COLONEL MACNAMARA's losing his life, concerning the very trifling circumstance of his dog being struck, who had annoyed a passenger in the street; and Lord Camelford's vindication of a fashionable prostitute, have been so perfectly ridiculous in their onsets, and so remarkably serious in their terminations, as to preclude any further comment unnecessary."

We thought the *name* of the unfortunate Colonel here alluded to had been MONTGOMERY; and that the unhappy dispute had originated in *Hyde Park*, and not from the Colonel's dog *annoying a passenger in the street*. However, we must bow to the author's *superior* information.

In his description of SOUTHWARK FAIR, speaking of the Booths, he tells us, that

"Genius and talent *was* often seen, felt, and acknowledged, under many of those ragged coverings, however difficult it may be to experience under more classic and magnificent domes; the mere hint at such a thing now-a-days, would make our fixed theatrical star—

"JOHN KEMBLE—  
TREMBLE!"

We suppose this poetical bit to have been contributed by Mendoza, or some other friend to the *fancy*, from the spoils taken during the O. P. row at Covent Garden; and the author, thinking it a "*devilish good thing*," could not refrain from introducing it in Boxiana.

The lovers of *milling* must be delighted with the following specimen of the author's command of *fashionable language*:

"SMITHFIELD and MOORFIELDS also sported booths and rings, for the display of boxing and cudgelling; and where many a good bit of stuff has *peeled* with all the courage of a lion, and who has soon been reduced to the meekness of a lamb. Here, also, many a *glutton* has received his *belly-full*, and retired perfectly *satisfied*; and many an *ugly customer* has met with his match, and been frightened in his turn; *milling-coxes* had the pride taken out of them by mere *novices*; and where many



*sparring gills* have found out, that in *reality* they could not *box* ! But, alas ! for want of a BOXIANA to record their va'lo'ous deeds, heroes, and tyroes of the fist have unfortunately been suffered to 'steal ingloriously to the grave,' and their qualifications buried with them, leaving the pugilistic posterity to mourn in silence the loss of their achievements."

We cannot but admire the sensibility displayed in this part of the work, in lamenting that no Boxiana has heretofore appeared to record the valorous deeds of heroes and tyroes of the fist. He however suffers the reflection to distress him too much. In order to afford him something of consolation, we must refer him to another part of his work, to satisfy him that the valorous deeds of former pugilists have not wholly been lost for want of an historian, as he has acknowledged that he is much indebted to a treatise on the subject, published by Capt. Godfrey in 1747, from which he has taken the most striking parts of his Boxiana.

We have, however, another extract to offer, which must *take the shine* out of the last ; for brilliant, as compared with what follows, it is but a farthing *rushlight* to the *sun* :

"Very animating criticisms have taken place concerning the merits of the *stage* ; and the various talents of most of the first-rate performers, who *sported* their *figures* upon the boards, have given rise to considerable discussion ; in which the high and dignified legislator has been heard to *argue* the topic in the most earnest manner, to convince his *plebeian* opponent (whose situation in life was, perhaps, not more elevated than that of a *coal-porter* or *coster-monger*) of the superior abilities of some particular actor, whose *action* has proved more *convincing* in a few minutes—when all the words contained in JOHNSON'S folio Dictionary would have had no effect ; and in turn, those COMPOSITES of the state have been listening with the most minute attention to the flowing harangue of some DUSTY COVE, blowing a cloud over his porter, and lavish of his *slum* on the beauties possessed by some distinguished pugilist, whose *talents* for *serving it out* were elegant and *striking* ; and where *flash* has been pattered in all that native purity of style, and richness of eloquence, which would have startled a *High Toby Gloque*, and put a *jigger screw* upon the alert, to find so many *down* ; and even among the crowd have been found

admirers of HERMES, who have retired well persuaded that ALL was not barren!"

After this display of the author's powers, we think he may, without arrogance (in imitation of his pugilistic friends), step forth as "the *Champion*" of literature, and challenge all England to produce his *equal*!

The following bill of fare, which, appeared about the year 1740, will be valued as a curiosity. The day may come when the play-bills of the present time will furnish objects equally interesting to the antiquarian.

**FIG'S GREAT TILED BOOTH,**

*on the Bowling-Green, Southwark,*

*During the Time of the FAIR*

(Which begins on SATURDAY, the 18th of SEPTEMBER)

The TOWN will be entertained with the

**MANLY ARTS OF**

Foil-play, Back-sword, Cudgelling, and Boxing,  
in which

The noted PARKS from Coventry, and the celebrated gentleman Prize-fighter, M<sup>r</sup>. MILLAR, will display their skill in a tilting bout, showing the advantages of *time and measure*.

**ALSO**

MR. JOHNSON, the great Swordsman, superior to any man in the World for his unrivalled display of the *hanging-guard*, in a grand attack of SELF-DEFENCE, against the all-powerful arm of the renowned SUTTON.

DELFORCE, the finished Cudgeller, will likewise exhibit his uncommon feats with the *single-stick*; and who challenges any man in the kingdom to enter the lists with him for a broken-head, or a belly-full!

BUCKHORSE, and several other *Pugilists*, will show the Art of Boxing.

To conclude

With a GRAND PARADE by the valiant FIG, who will exhibit his knowledge in various combats with the Foil, Back-sword, Cudgel, and Fist.

To begin each day at Twelve o'Clock, and close at Ten.

*Vivat Rex.*

N. B. The Booth is fitted up in a most commodious manner for the better reception of Gentlemen, &c. &c."

We shall now take our leave of this work, which, from the specimen afforded by the first six numbers, appears

to be little inferior to that instructive work, "The Town and Country Jester," or to that equally ludicrous volume, "Mr. Trotter's History of the Life of Mr. Fox." The information it contains is as much to be depended upon as the narratives in the former, and not less important and interesting than the anecdotes contained in the latter; and as in both newspapers, sixpenny pamphlets, and those *valuable bulletins*, which are occasionally sold in the streets, at the small charge of "one single halfpenny," have been thoroughly ransacked for the gratification of the public, with the most laudable anxiety, regardless of the labour and *expense*, inseparable from such an inquiry.

In taking leave of our *author*, it is fair to ask him how he invented his *meaning* title "*Boxiana*?" Did he *sapiently* think there was no point in the French *Anas*? That it was only to put *ana* at the end of *Box*, with an *i*; the same as *Chest*, *Tub*, *Sword*, *Cudgel*, or any other foolish word?—The translation now seems to stand thus: "*The Remains of Box*," making *i* a Latin genitive to an English common word!! But what can be expected from the *Fancy*?—SAT.



## THEATRES.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HORACE.

## COVENT GARDEN.

SINCE the publication of our last number, Covent Garden Theatre has been re-opened after a very short vacation of six weeks—barely time to have the seats brushed, the house swept, and the pigeon-holes, of celebrated memory, closed up. The only other alterations are the removal of the *Court of Arches*, in the One Shilling Gallery, and the painting of the Boxes, in the dress circle, a deep red, which has this merit, that there is no other colour which could have had so bad an effect. The usual judgment of the manager has been displayed in the choice of pieces for representation, nothing new having yet been produced. Pizarro, the popularity of which ought, at this day, to be suffered to sleep, and that trash, the *Virgin of the Sun*, and the *Foundling of the Forest*, are the dishes three or four times a week; and, lest the public should not have enough of such dainties, the only novelty of the season yet announced is a *Romantic Drama*, to be entitled “*The Child of the Desert*”—the *desert of genius* we suppose!! Mr. Harris seems to think that Mrs. Johnson’s display must be as pleasing to all London as to himself; and accordingly we have no prospect of any thing at this Theatre but show and spectacle, and heroines and folly!!!

The Burletta of *Midas* has been revived with considerable splendour and effect. Sinclair’s *Apollo*, though not so scientific as Kelly’s, is more characteristic and pleasing. He sings the songs most sweetly. Emery in *Pan* is a study for a painter, Liston is a good *Midas*,

and the cast of the other parts is respectable.

Three performers have appeared on these boards, none of them altogether unknown to a metropolitan audience. Mrs. Stirling (*à dévaut* Miss Dixon) made her *début* in the part of Polly, in the *Beggar’s Opera*, and has since played *Daphne*, in *Midas*. Without those powers which we have been accustomed to see employed upon the former character, she is yet an actress of very considerable merit—of merit not the less to be approved, because her private conduct entitles her to as much respect as her performance on the stage to approbation. Her figure is good, and countenance not disagreeable, though not beautiful. Her voice is full and clear, and her style of singing much more simple and chaste than could have been expected from a pupil of Kelly’s. In her acting she does not overstep the modesty of nature, and there is something so unassuming in her whole deportment as to conciliate, in an eminent degree, the favourable disposition of the critic. She will be a most useful acquisition to the Theatre, and will improve upon the public, by whom she has already been received in a very flattering manner.

The other candidates are a Miss Marriot, and a Mr. Abbot, both from Bath; the former a quondam performer at Covent Garden, the latter at the Haymarket. They evinced their taste and judgment by choosing the characters of *Eugenia* and *Florian*, in the *Foundling of the Forest*, for their first impres-

sion! The lady has since sustained the arduous part of Belvidera, and the gentleman tried on the buskins of Richmond. With regard to the earliest performances, we shall not waste words on unnatural colourings of unnatural characters—flighty romance, interesting sensibility, delicate softness, wild starts, delightful pathos, irresistible incident, fine situation, stage effect, buffoonery, and nonsense. Miss Marriot is, however, an actress far above mediocrity. Her sketch of Belvidera proved that she had sense enough to imitate the best examples, though she wanted the physical powers requisite to fill up the outline. She wants delicacy for the character, and her brawny arm is as unsuited to the daughter of Priuli as was the age of Mrs. Siddons; but she has not that eye, and voice, and action, which can cause us to forget all defects, and overlook all inapplicabilities. Her voice possesses greater compass than harmony, and her enunciation is often spoiled by a vile tragic drawl. Her face does not appear capable of the most potent expression, and her figure, as we have hinted above, inclines to the lusty;—Gallice, *en bon point*. Of her, as of Mr. Sinclair, we may, however, safely pronounce, that, though not of first-rate abilities, in a long line of parts there is not an actress upon the stage more capable of being effectively employed.

Of Mr. Abbot we shall say little. His countenance is perfectly guiltless of sense or expression, and in Richmond he looked just like a city apprentice dressed up for the first time to appear on any stage. On that sad night Charles Kemble too played Richard, and, taken all together, the once favoured Tragedy of Richard the III<sup>d</sup> was worthy of any barn not too large! Should it be attempted again, we beg the manager to allow Abbot to perform Crookback, and Mr. C. Kemble his old character; and then—why then, there will be only one instead of two parts utterly ruined. We are sorry to speak in those terms of a performer so truly respectable (in every sense of the word) as Mr. C.

Kemble; but he is inexcusable in attempting parts for which he is most unfit, when, instead of disgusting, he can impart infinite pleasure by such performances as his Jaffier or Mac Duff.

Mr. Abbot has also tried to be a young pathetic gentleman in genteel Comedy (the School for Reform), but entirely failed. His only capacity is a singing man in some Opera, where there is little or nothing to say or to enact.

Mr. Young has performed *Pierre in Venice Preserved*. It is equal, if not superior, to any personation of the character that has been witnessed on the London stage. With all the accurate conception and judgment of Mr. J. Kemble, he has more nature and fire, and repeated thunders of applause testified the admiration of the house at various periods, as well as at the conclusion of his performance.

#### LYCEUM.

AFTER a more than usual expenditure of preparatory puffing in the newspapers, on the 22<sup>d</sup> ult. was produced at this theatre an Opera, founded (or rather co-founded) on a Melo-drame, originally performed at Dublin, and baptized, *ad captandum*, "The Spanish Patriots a thousand Years ago." This precious farrago is written by a Mr. Code, and the music by Sir John Stevenson; and a piece more perfectly contemptible in every respect has not been obtruded upon our stage, even in its present state of declination, for a number of years. Its main features, besides improbability and utter worthlessness, are loyal clap-traps, and an awkward ridiculous straining to apply an old story to new times. The airs are pretty, but have nothing either of novelty or grandeur, or even of the plaintive sweetness which many of the Irish melodies, re-produced under the auspices of Sir J. Stevenson, breathe. They, and a dance by Miss Lupino, &c. however, saved the Opera for a brief life: its hour upon the stage will be exceedingly short; and it will then sink into the obscurity from which it ought never to have emerged.







at inv.

DISSOLUTION of PA



PARLIAMENT

W.H.E. Koort del. et ag. fort. fecit.